

CHALK TALKS

on
HEALTH *and* SAFETY



WALTER F. COBB

Year
1930
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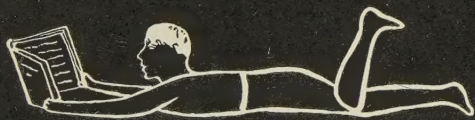
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CHALK TALKS
ON
HEALTH AND SAFETY

BY

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DIRECTOR OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION
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BALTIMORE

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR



NEW YORK
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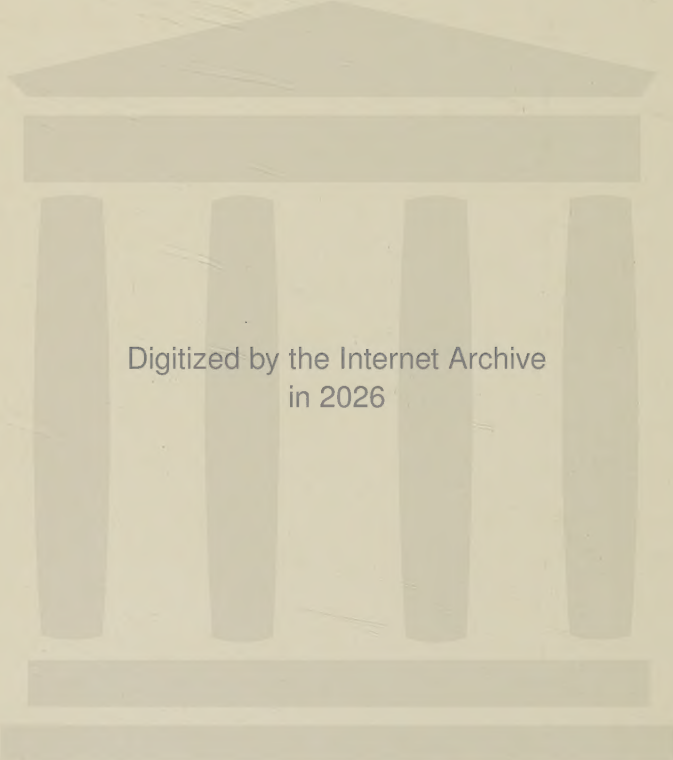
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To

MY PARENTS

EDWIN EVERETT COBB

ANNIE DELIA SHEPARD COBB



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To You and Youth Everywhere

HEALTH-O, my young friends! This is the new way of saying Hello. I hope that you like it. And I hope that you have it. What is more, I hope that you may always have it.

Many of these stories have been told in the classroom. And because so many children of about your age have told me that they enjoyed these stories—chalk talks, they called them—I have tried very hard to put them into a book and onto the blackboard so that other children might know the stories, too.

Some children like to draw the pictures, take them home, and tell the story over again with their parents, or perhaps to a younger brother or sister as an audience. You may want to try this. I hope so.

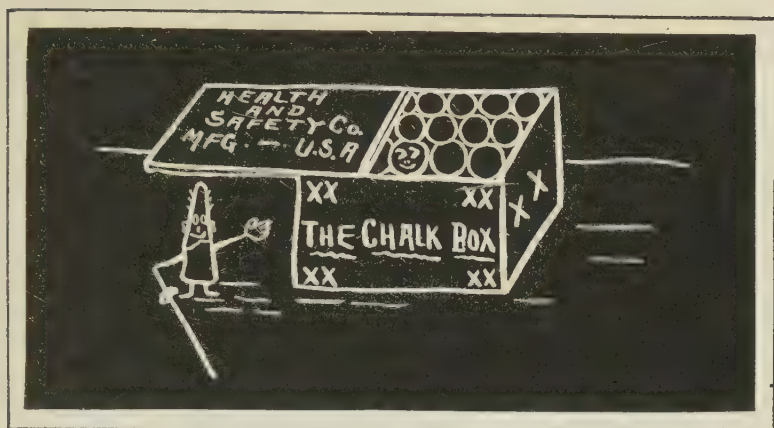
Some of you will recognize yourselves in these stories of adventure. If so, I hope that you play the rôle of hero or heroine. I should

not like to think of you as taking the part of villain. His adventures are all unpleasant ones—I call them *Sadventures* and *Badventures*.

For you, I hope nothing but *Gladventures*.

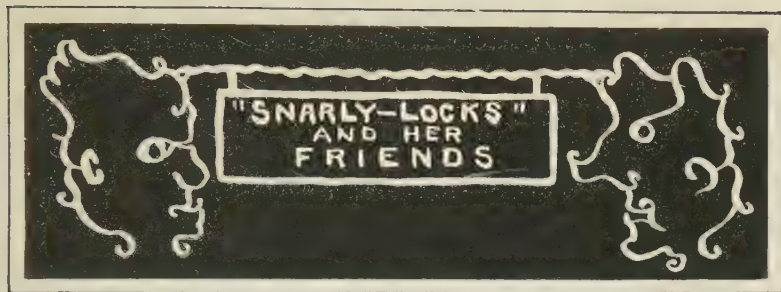
Sincerely yours,

WALTER FRANK COBB.



THE CHALK BOX

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Snarly-Locks and Her Friends

Easter vacation was over. Spring was in the air. And "Spring Fever" was in the heart of many a pupil in school. Miss Williams could see the signs as she stood before her class on the opening day of the new term. Her desk was nearly hidden with flowers that children had brought that morning. Lessons seemed very far away from the thoughts of all.

Perhaps a story would help to make the change from vacation and play to school and lessons a little easier, thought the teacher. At least it was worth trying. And so it was a very pleasant surprise to the pupils when Miss Williams told them to sit up in good position and listen, instead of getting out their books and studying.

“There is a story,” she began, “that I have been wanting to tell you for a long while, and I believe that this is a good time for it. It’s about a snarly-lock.

“I don’t believe you know what a snarly-lock is, but you will soon learn. I think that I can see one or two as I look about the room, but perhaps I am mistaken. Now please don’t all look around. These snarly-locks may be closer to you than you know. If you discover any, don’t point to them. Just keep quiet—they won’t bite you,” said Miss Williams, smiling all the while.

“A snarly-lock is a tricky hair. It acts like a bully on the playground. It doesn’t play fair. It gets others into trouble. It is a lazy rogue. A snarly-lock twists and squirms in and out until it succeeds in tangling up a lot of other hairs,” went on the teacher, as she tried to show how they squirmed by using her hands. “When a snarly-lock finishes its evil work, the unlucky hairs look something like a ball of tangled yarn with which kittens or puppies have been playing.

"It's easy to get snarly-locks, but it's hard to get rid of them. At least, so thought the little girl who had so many that everybody forgot her real name and called her 'Snarly-Locks.'

"One day she noticed that one of the boys in school was pointing his finger at her and whispering something to a girl playmate. Our little friend didn't know what it all meant, but it hurt her feelings very much. I think that it was bad manners for the boy to point his finger at Snarly-Locks and whisper about her, don't you? Children seem to forget how easy it is to hurt another's feelings by being rude.

"Snarly-Locks began to think about the matter the next morning when she prepared for school—all alone. I am truly sorry for her, because she has no mother to give her





advice and look after her. So you see there is some excuse for the way Snarly-Locks looks. This is what she sees when she glances in her mirror after a long hunt for it. It is used so seldom that Snarly-Locks can't keep track of it.

"You can see from the picture how surprised our little friend is to learn what a sight her hair is. Why, she feels so badly that she is crying. See the tears running down her cheeks?

"But Snarly-Locks is not alone even if she has no mother. Her sobs have wakened Lady Bristle-Brush, who will try to help her.



“Here you see Lady Bristle-Brush, children. I am sure you know her very well. With a quick jump she is on her feet. One hand is pointing straight at the naughty snarly-locks as much as to say, ‘Get out of there this very moment, if you value your lives.’ Lady Bristle-Brush’s other hand is raised up, and I know from the look on her face that she is going to protect our little friend from these ugly-acting enemies.

“When Lady Bristle-Brush gets angry, she stamps her foot—just like that—good and hard, too.

“Sir Tanglefoe, another friend of Snarly-Locks, is lying asleep on the dresser, and hears Lady Bristle-Brush stamp her foot. It takes him a few moments to wake up. He is a trifle lazy, I fear.

“That is because he is not in the habit of getting up when Snarly-Locks goes to school in



the morning. Anyhow, Sir Tanglefoe rubs his eyes a few times and then jumps up and comes running to the aid of his two friends. Here he is, and all white, but not from fear.

“Sir Tanglefoe is a brave fellow. In the army they called him Captain Comb. He has a lot of white sharp teeth. And what is more, he fights with them. Of course, children ought not to fight with their teeth, but a comb may.

“The funny thing about Sir Tanglefoe’s teeth is—can you guess? Why, they are in the back of his head! Think of that. Some of the teeth are missing, too. Do you suppose they have been pulled by a dentist? I think that Sir Tanglefoe has lost his teeth fighting snarly-locks. What do you think?

“Do you notice what long steps he is taking? He ought to be able to run very fast. And what is this in his hand? It looks like a rope. Perhaps he is going to tie up the enemy’s feet, but I doubt if the snarly-locks will stand still long enough for that. Perhaps he is going to make a lasso and catch these wild fellows the way cowboys catch wild horses and cattle.

Have you noticed, also, that his hand is doubled up in a fist? That means that Sir Tanglefoe is ready to fight for his friends if need be.

“And there was a fight, too. The unruly hairs decided that they would stay right where they were. But Lady Bristle-Brush and Sir Tanglefoe demanded that the rebel hairs must leave at once. It was necessary for Snarly-Locks’ friends to pull very hard at times because the rebels held on for dear life. They hurt our little heroine a great deal, but she did not cry. That is to say, Snarly-Locks did not cry out loud. Tears came into her eyes and ran down her cheeks, but not a sound was made except that made by the ugly-acting snarly-locks.



“How fiercely they snarled! But the sight of

Sir Tanglefoe's sharp teeth soon made the cowardly snarly-locks beg for mercy. No one was hurt any more than was necessary, but Snip-snip had to cut one bad fellow right in



two, much to the sorrow of kind-hearted Snarly-Locks. Would you like to see how our brave friend looked after the battle?

“See this beautiful bow on top. That was made from the red ribbon Sir Tanglefoe carried in his hand

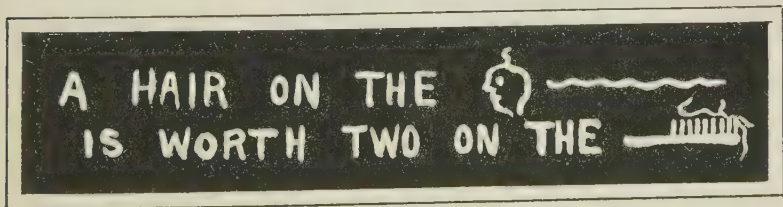
when he raced to the aid of Lady Bristle-Brush. I like this picture very much, don't you? And these funny little faces. See how they smile. I call them 'smile curls.'

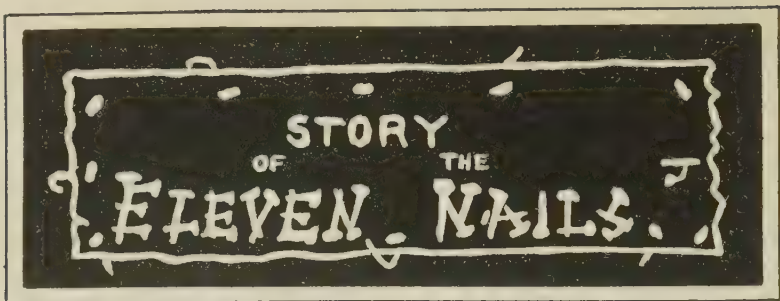
“This is how Snarly-Locks looked to her schoolmates. Do you suppose *the boy* will point his finger at her to-day? Not unless it is to tell the other children how pretty Snarly-Locks is.

“But you want to know what her teacher did, don’t you? I think that it was very nice of her teacher, for she put her arms around Snarly-Locks and called her *Curly-Locks*, right out loud so that all could hear. After that no one ever used the name of Snarly-Locks again.

“I hope that Miss Curly-Locks remembers the warning that her teacher gave her. She said that the snarly-locks would come back again unless Sir Tanglefoe and Lady Bristle-Brush were placed on guard each day. You know what that means, don’t you?”

As Miss Williams turned to go to her desk, many a hand was made to serve as a comb and many a hair was brushed back into place as well as possible. And that noon real combs and brushes found more use than they had been given for a long time.





The Story of the Eleven Nails

"So you prefer to keep it a secret?" softly asked Miss Williams over the telephone. "Very well, Doctor. I will tell the children that you have a happy surprise for them to-night. Good-by, and thank you very much."

"Tell your parents," said Miss Williams, returning to her class with an air of mystery in her voice, "that Doctor Mason is to talk to-night at the monthly meeting of the Parents' and Teachers' Club."

"He says that he has a surprise for you, but I can't tell you what it is. So I advise you to come and find out. And don't forget that there will be ice cream and cake for refreshments," she added, smiling to herself as she

watched the happy looks on the faces of her pupils when they marched out at the close of school.

It seemed as if School Number Ten had never held so many people before. People of all ages were there—babies, school children, teachers, young folks, parents, and grandparents.

Of course the *surprise* that Doctor Mason had promised was there, too. But no one could discover it, hard as they tried. I very much doubt if you could, either, no matter how bright your eyes. For the *surprise*, if you must know, was resting safely in Dr. Mason's coat pocket.

"I have good news for you this evening," began the Doctor, reaching into his pocket and taking out a white envelope. "This envelope contains a magic piece of paper. It is able to do some wonderful things as you shall see. For it really *does* wonderful things—it doesn't merely trick you into thinking something *is* that *isn't*."

"The directions on the paper say," continued the speaker as he adjusted his glasses, "that School Number Ten is to receive fifty dollars as first prize for having the best

health and safety record in the state. You have tried hard to win this honor, and it gives me much pleasure this evening to tell you that you have actually won the first prize. I wonder what you are going to do with it.

“That’s a hard question to answer, isn’t it?” said Dr. Mason pausing in deep thought. “It is about as hard as the nails in my talk to-night,” he added, and his face lighted up with one of the bright, sunny smiles that won him so many friends. “What do you say if we go on with the program that has been arranged for this evening and decide later what to do with the prize?”

“Yes, yes,” agreed the audience. Everyone was happy over the great honor that had come to School Number Ten, and now that the prize was won, there was no special need for haste in deciding how to use it. Yes, indeed; that could be done later. But this was the only chance they would have for a long time to hear Dr. Mason talk, for he was soon to leave for service with the Red Cross.

“There are eleven nails in my story,” con-

tinued the genial doctor, "and they are bad ones, too. One of them was the cause of a serious accident, and several of them played a large part in a little boy's illness. The others were ashamed of themselves for various reasons. I will tell you why, later.

"The first culprit was a rusty old nail that lived out in the barn. One day he stuck his sharp head up through a board that was lying on the floor and looked around to see if he could get into some mischief. I suppose if he had been busy doing something useful he would have found no time for mischief. But he was tired of doing nothing, and that's why he got into trouble. Sometimes it's that way with boys. You have all heard that 'An idle mind is the devil's workshop,' haven't you?" Heads nodded everywhere as if they were all worked with a string held in a single hand. And approving nods they were, especially those coming from parents.

"Won't you draw us a picture of the rusty old fellow looking around the barn?" begged Miss Williams, who knew Doctor Mason very

well. "These little people always enjoy your clever drawings so much, and I do, too."

"Yes, please do," begged several in the audi-



ence, including some of the parents who had heard about Doctor Mason's chalk talks.

"Just what I was going to do this very minute," replied Doctor Mason, smiling.

"Here is the first

villain—a mean-looking fellow. I am drawing him with red chalk. Can any of you little people tell me why?"

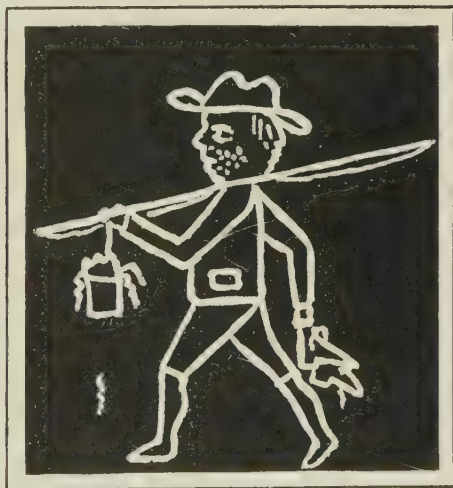
"Perhaps because he is a devil, and hurts people," ventured a timid voice from in front.

"Good idea! I never thought of that. I used red chalk because this nail is a rusty rascal. I call him, *Red the Rusty*. Do you like his name?"

"When Red looked around and saw a boy named Freckles coming into the barn, he wanted to dance for joy. But, you know, a nail can't dance when it is held fast in a board. Of course it can make others dance, as perhaps it is going to make Freckles, but it can't dance itself, no matter how happy it is or how lively the music.

"Take a good look at Red. He has a sharp head, and he knows how to use it to hurt you if you *don't look out*," said the speaker as he glanced around.

"This is Freckles. It must be summer time, for our hero is barefoot. I hope that he has permission from his parents. Some boys forget to ask.



"As you see, Freckles is going fishing. Here is his pole and here is the can for worms. One wiggly fellow has escaped. I wish that

Freckles would escape from danger, too. Do you suppose he will step on Red?

“Listen. Can you hear Red telling Freckles to watch his step? No? Well, neither can I. I think that Red is trying hard to keep from smiling as he thinks of the fun it’s going to be to give Freckles a jab in the foot and see him jump. I am ashamed of Red. Even a snake would hiss and sound a warning. But Red is keeping as quiet as a mouse.

“Do you suppose Freckles has forgotten all that his parents have told him about looking out for rusty nails, pieces of broken glass, sharp sticks, and the like? I am afraid that he has.

“See! Freckles steps right on Red’s head. It doesn’t hurt Red a bit, but oh, how it pains Freckles! He pulls the nail out of his foot, or rather, his foot off the nail, and, limping badly, hurries into the house. His mother seems to know that he is coming. Can you guess why? We don’t blame Freckles for crying, do we?

“Freckles’ mother washed the wound as best she could, bandaged it with a clean piece of cloth, and drove hurriedly to the doctor’s office. The

doctor had to open the wound and cleanse it. He found a piece of Red's head deeply embedded in the wounded foot. Then he treated the injury with medicine that burned terribly, but Freckles bore it as bravely as he could. You see, the doctor was afraid of lock-jaw, and he didn't dare to take any chances.

"This is Freckles getting around the playground on crutches. It was many a day before he was able to run and play."



"What did Freckles' father do about the nail?" inquired Harry Grayson. "I think that it ought to be driven out of the board, and thrown into some deep pond."

"I'll tell you what Freckles' father did," replied Doctor Mason as he turned to sketch on the board a fourth picture. "Freckles' father was so angry when he learned of his son's accident that he hurried into the barn, took a big

hammer from the work bench, and hit Red good and hard on the head. 'There,' he said. 'That finishes you! You'll never hurt anyone else.'

"When Freckles' father told his wife what he had done, she said, 'That's what you should have done *before* the accident.' I think she was right, don't you?"

"That is the story of Nail Number One. But I must hurry along. There are ten more that I must tell you about."

"I suppose you will think that Freckles certainly had his troubles

with nails before I get through. The first one in my story stuck into his foot. The other ten stuck into his fingers. Can you imagine so much trouble? These ten fellows didn't hurt Freckles one bit, that is, they didn't cause him any *pain*, but they did hurt him in other ways. Wait and see.



“Here are the ten nails, and here are the fingers they stuck into. Do you recognize them? They are *finger nails*, aren’t they? Did you guess what they were? We have lost five nails somewhere on the blackboard,” laughed Doctor Mason, “but that doesn’t matter very much for we have five good finger nails and five strong fingers in their place.

“Some of these nails have a black edge. What do you suppose that means?” inquired

Dr. Mason, who was greatly enjoying the surprised look on the faces of many in the audience when they learned that he was talking about plain, ordinary finger nails.

“I know,” came a voice. “And so do I,” echoed a second voice. “That black line means that the nail is dirty.”



A ripple of laughter broke over the audience. The enthusiasm of the younger people was so catching that their parents could hardly keep from talking. Dr. Mason was not a carpenter in any sense of the word, but he knew a great deal about nails of one kind or another, and had succeeded in interesting everyone in his remarks.

“Let us examine this finger nail with the rough edge,” urged Dr. Mason, pointing to the board. “It looks more like a saw than a nail, doesn’t it?” he laughed. “We shall have to blame Freckles for this nail. He has been biting it. If Freckles were my boy, I should tell him to eat vegetables if he wants to get some iron in his system. Finger nails have no iron; every boy knows that.

“Of course Freckles doesn’t eat the pieces of nail that he bites off, but I suppose that he eats any germs that happen to be on his fingers or hiding under his finger nails. That’s the trouble with putting your fingers in your mouth when they are dirty.

“This thumb nail looks pretty white. I can’t

give Freckles much credit for it, however. If he had washed it with water and soap I should say 'Fine,' but the fact is, Freckles sent the thumb to the 'Children's Hand Laundry,' a small but very busy place, especially at meal time. I see that you get the point," continued Dr. Mason. "The Children's Hand Laundry is located in the mouth, isn't it? Not much of a place for washing hands, you will admit.

"I wish that germs had a taste of some sort, say a bitter taste like quinine or, perhaps better, the taste of castor oil. Do you suppose there would be any fingers placed in the mouth?" The speaker laughed as he saw smiles appearing on the faces of the parents.

"No, germs have no taste. And neither have they any color that you can notice. That's why some children are fooled. They look at their hands, find that they look clean, and perhaps say to themselves, 'I don't need to wash my hands before eating my lunch.' That's where they make a mistake. Doctors, dentists, nurses, and others who put their fingers in a patient's mouth, or handle food for others,

always wash their hands first. They know that it is the wise thing to do.

“There! That’s the story of the eleven nails, or, if you prefer, it might be called the story of

a handful of nails. I hope that you liked it, and that all of you will do better than Freckles did.

“Now, while you are eating your ice cream and cake, take time to puzzle over what I am going to write on the board. And after

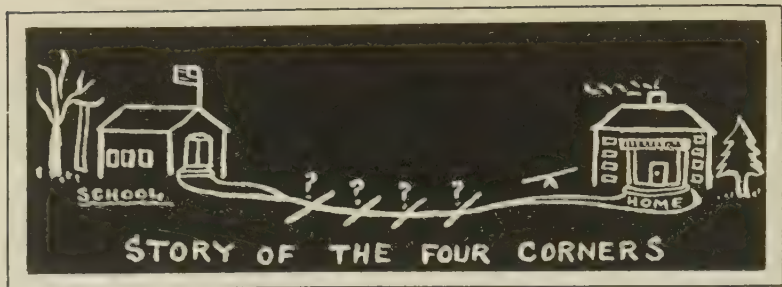
you discover what it means, be sure to *remember* it as long as you remember the good taste of chocolate ice cream and cake,” concluded Dr. Mason. Turning to the board he wrote in large yellow letters, *Germs Lead a Hand-to-Mouth Life*.

After everybody had been served with ice cream and cake, a short business meeting of the



Club was called. Someone suggested that it would be a fine thing for School Number Ten to spend a part of the prize they had won in buying additional equipment for the washrooms. It took but a few moments for the children to decide that the greatest need was for paper towels and liquid soap so that the kind of cleanliness *taught* in the classrooms could be *practiced* in the washroom.





The Four Corners

"Say, fellows," began Jack Brown, all out of breath from excitement, "there is a big policeman up in the classroom talking with Miss Williams. What do you suppose is the trouble?"

"Did you notice, Jack," eagerly inquired Frank Jones, Captain of the Safety Patrol, who had just joined the excited group in time to hear the news, "whether the officer had red hair, and if he wore a traffic badge on his sleeve? If he did, I'll bet that I know what he wants and who he is."

But there was no further time for questions, for the bell began to ring calling the class from the playground where it had gone for recess. Never before had the pupils been so eager to get back to their seats.

There he was, sure enough. But Mr. Policeman did not seem to be looking for anyone in particular. Instead, he had a smile on his face all the time the children were taking their seats. And everyone knew it, too, for there was not a moment that someone of the group was not watching the officer at least out of the corner of his or her eye.

"Children," began Miss Williams when all was quiet, "I want you to meet Mr. Johnson, or Officer Dan, as he is called by all his friends. He has been assigned to traffic duty at this school, and he will look after you as you come to school and when you go home. You are to obey him as he signals for you to cross the street or warns you to wait on the sidewalk.

"Now come to attention promptly, please, and show Officer Dan how wide awake you are, whether it is crossing the street or listening to our guest for the Friday afternoon story hour."

Miss Williams' words were greeted with delight. There was much reckless driving in front of the school, and one little girl had narrowly escaped serious injury. And perhaps Officer

Dan would find a way to have the street roped off part of the time so that they might have more room for safe play.

"I am pleased to see how well these boys and girls obey your orders," began Officer Dan, turning to the teacher as he spoke. "If they obey my orders as promptly when crossing the street out in front of the school, I feel sure that I shall be able to say to their fathers and mothers, 'Here are your children again, back home from school, safe and sound.'

"But if anyone in the class forgets to obey my signals, as, for instance, when I hold up my hand this way," continued the traffic officer, holding up a big white-gloved hand that seemed to say 'STOP' just as loudly as if it talked, "I may have to reach out and catch you by the arm. That wouldn't be much fun for you.

"I don't expect to have to do any such thing," the officer hastened to add, "for I am sure that you know what a foolish person the *Jay Walker* is. Keep away from him, if you want my advice. He is usually found walking with a *Jay Talker*. Neither one is your friend.

“My story this afternoon is about four boys and what happened to them on their way home from school,” began Officer Dan, removing his white gloves so that he could draw. “This is the school. On top you will notice the American flag. That’s where it should be—on top,” he continued, drawing as he spoke.

“This is the street that the four boys take when they go home. Here are four cross streets, and I am placing a question mark at each corner (page 24). That’s for you to be thinking about.

“And over here are their homes. Can’t you imagine their mothers watching for them with prayers in their hearts that their sons may come safely home? Probably your mothers are watching for you in just the same way.

“ ‘Shorty’ Long was the first boy to get into trouble. Shorty couldn’t help having the name Long. Neither could he help being short. His parents were both small. Shorty ate enough, and he got enough sleep. He never tasted coffee. The trouble was that he grew *out* instead of *up*. Shorty was almost round. In athletics he wasn’t much good, except to keep score.

"One day Shorty had to stay after school. It may have been on account of a poor spelling lesson. The rest of the boys had hurried off to the ball field, and Shorty was alone as he walked toward home. But that's not quite right. Shorty had his friend Jack with him.

"This fellow Jack was a pretty good friend as long as Shorty knew how to handle him. But if Shorty got careless with him, Jack would make some cutting remarks and sometimes he would draw blood. What do you think of that for a friend? I suppose that some of you boys have friends like this fellow Jack," laughed Officer Dan.

"Shorty reached in his pocket and pulled Jack out. He grasped him right around the waist, just like that," said the officer, using a piece of chalk to show what he meant.

"Jack was all doubled up like a boy with a stomach ache. But he was feeling all right. That's the way he slept. This is what Jack looked like," smiled the big policeman as he took a jackknife out of his pocket. "Let me draw his picture for you," he continued.

"See his odd-looking face. Nicks in the blade did that.

"This eye is just a bit of rust on the blade. The ear is the place where you put your finger nail when you open the knife. And you recognize the pocket as the little silver plate for your initials. This leg was broken when Shorty tried to take some tacks out of his mother's carpet one spring." It was truly surprising what a human-looking dwarf Officer Dan was able to make out of an ordinary jackknife.

"While Shorty was walking along with Jack in his hand and whistling as he cut away on a piece of wood, the clanging bells of a fire engine suddenly came to his ears. The engine was coming up the next street. The next moment Shorty was off down the street running as fast as he could, with his open knife in his hand.



"Of course he should have closed it. Perhaps he forgot. Or maybe Jack wanted to see the fire, too, and whispered to Shorty to take him along. Anyhow, Shorty raced down the street.



"This is a picture of Shorty on his way to the fire. And right here is the street corner. What do you suppose is going to happen? Do you think Shorty is going to bump in to someone? Or get

run over by the fire engine?

"No, Shorty slipped on the wet pavement at the corner, and fell. This open knife stuck into him. It almost put Shorty's eye out. Well, do you know, my friends, Shorty decided that he didn't care to see the fire. He wanted to see his mother, and in a hurry, too. Home raced Shorty as fast as he could, making as much noise as the fire engine, I do believe.

"We laugh at Shorty for he isn't a real

boy, but if this were true, we should all be ashamed to laugh, shouldn't we?" said Officer Dan.

"I am going to make a cross here at this corner so that you will remember what happened to Shorty that Friday afternoon. And here is something else for you to remember," said Officer Dan as he turned to the board and printed in red chalk: *Sharp sticks sometimes dull sharp eyes.*

"The second boy in my story is named Dick Dare. Right around this corner carpenters are building a house. They have stopped work for the day and no one is around to order Dick away. Dick likes to dare other boys to do dangerous stunts.

"Here he is daring the gang to follow him up the ladder. See him, children? Perhaps you have seen some boy do just about the same stunt. And you followed the dare



although you had been told by your parents not to.

"This climbing business gets boys into lots of trouble. It surely did in Dick's case. He got dizzy and lost his nerve. Then he lost his grasp on the ladder and fell.



"Luckily for Dick, this big barrel that I am drawing for you is full of water. Splash—right in and all over! I am not going to take time to draw

pictures of the boys whom Dick was daring to climb this ladder, but you can well imagine them laughing so hard over Dick's funny bath that they nearly forget to pull him out. Can you imagine how foolish Dick will feel when the boys tell about his 'brave deed?'

"I am glad that it was only a boy in a story who did this foolish stunt, for, don't you see, I can fix up his broken arm, or leg, or even his

back with just a few strokes of this chalk. But it takes a good doctor to fix up broken bones in real boys, and sometimes even the doctors can't mend them.

"Here is something more for you to put in your notebooks: *Be careful instead of dareful.* Think that over, boys.

"Billy Bully is the third boy to get into trouble. I am not a bit proud of him. He was foolish, and he was cruel. This is Billy Bully's picture.

"I don't care for his looks," said Officer Dan, shaking his head. "I almost believe that I would arrest him just on account of his face.

"Because of rough and unfair play at recess, Billy Bully was kept after school one

bright afternoon. When Billy had been punished enough, his teacher permitted him to leave.

"Instead of taking his punishment like a



man, Billy Bully made up his mind to get even with someone or something. He walked along scuffing his feet, kicking at stones that were in his way, and even kicking himself at



times. Down the road he saw Puggie, a good-natured bulldog and the friend of everyone.

“Puggie was gnawing a bone when Billy Bully came along, but he took time out to wag his tail as much as to say, ‘Hello, Playmate.’

“Puggie had better manners than Billy Bully, who walked up to him and kicked at him. Then he pulled the dog’s tail. Puggie growled. But Billy Bully just lost his head. He pulled so hard that he pulled Puggie’s tail out straight. Can you imagine any boy with an ounce of brains doing such a cruel and dangerous thing?

“Puggie remembered that he had a set of sharp teeth in his mouth. He dropped his bone,

and took a bite right out of Billy's leg. The boy fainted. And Puggie, when he saw what he had done, began to bark as loud as he could.

"He didn't hide his crooked tail between his legs, doglike, and run away to hide. No, sir. He barked until some people came and took Billy Bully home, where the doctor treated the wound.

"Everyone wanted to have Puggie killed. Billy Bully's father was for doing it at once, and he got out his hunting gun for that very purpose. But Billy Bully explained to his father that Puggie was not to blame, and the doctor said that it would be better to wait and see if the dog was really mad or just angry. It isn't so bad to be bitten by an angry dog as by a *mad* dog. Either one is bad enough, however.

"It was a long time before Billy Bully was able to be out and playing with the boys. But in some mysterious way, Puggie found his way into Billy's bedroom and lay down beside the bed so that Billy could reach out and feel his soft fur. The two became strong friends in the course of time, and Billy Bully came back to

school a new boy. The boys began to like him, and the girls, too, and even his face changed.

"I can't draw well enough to show you what a fine-looking boy he grew to be," laughed the officer, "so I am going to say that he looked about as pleasant as you children. That's saying a good deal, isn't it, Miss Williams?" asked officer Dan, who understood how proud she was of her pupils.

"Did you ever hear of a fly taking a bath in the winter time? The fly in my story did. His full name was *Fred Louis York*, but the boys called him *Fly* for short. Fly took his bath by accident. It was in a pond just around this fourth corner. In the summer the boys used to catch frogs and turtles there. It was too muddy for swimming. But in the winter the boys and girls had great sport sliding and skating on it.

"One cold day in the early winter, Fly decided that he would run over to the pond and try the ice. It might be strong enough for skating. This is where Fly made a mistake. He went alone. And he went without permission from his parents.

"I am sure that *you* all know too much to go out on new ice all alone. It is better to have someone with you who can help in case of accident. It's so much easier to get in than out! Thin ice is like a mouse trap in that respect.

"Fly ventured out on the ice. It cracked quite a bit but he kept going. On one side of the pond was a sign someone had recently put up. Fly made his way toward it. It read, *Danger*. But Fly gave the sign a kick so that it turned around.

"*'Danger!'* said Fly. *'Where? I don't see any danger.'* And he laughed to himself as he thought how clever he was.

"But suddenly the whole pond began to crack. It seemed as if the ice was saying, *'Get off my back and be quick about it, or I'll give you a bath.'* Fly tried to get back to shore, but it was too late. *'Crack,' 'Splash,'* and *'Bang'*



went the ice, water, and sign in quick order. As Fly fell into the water, the sign he had kicked toppled over and bumped him on the head.

"Here it is. Did you ever hear of anything



so absurd?" said the officer, laughing. "It was lucky for Fly that the sign bumped him, for he took hold of it and was able to keep his head above water until help arrived. He was rushed home and placed between warm blankets, but he caught a severe

cold. It was several weeks before Fly was able to be out again, and you may be sure that he kept away from the pond until he knew the ice was safe.

"Do you mind if I give you one more safety rule to put in your books and into your heads? It's this: *Heed what you read.*"

"Thank you very much, Mr. Johnson," said Miss Williams as she handed Officer Dan's

white gloves back to him. "We have all enjoyed your stories and pictures. Many of us have known what your police whistle sounded like, but very few of us knew what your voice sounded like. Now we shall be alert to pay attention to both voice and whistle."

Officer Dan had won the hearts of all in the class by talking to them. And partly because of their confidence in him, he was able to keep them from having a single accident at the street crossing out in front of the school.





A Skin Game

"How would you like to learn a new game this morning?" asked Mr. Playfair with a smile after the physical training lesson had been given.

The words were hardly spoken before every hand in the class had been flung into the air and half as many voices had shouted, "Yes! Yes, sir! We always like to learn about your new games. Tell it to us."

"All right, then," laughed Mr. Playfair, "I will tell you about the game. But first you must promise to try the game at least once and let me know how you like it. Is that a bargain?"

"This game is called 'The Fair Skin Game.' Perhaps some of you who have kept your ears

open may have heard someone use the term 'skin game.' Have you? Most 'skin games' are unfair. I am sure you understand that. It is a 'skin game,' for example, for a boy to cheat in baseball. No one can trust a person who plays 'skin games.'

"But there is one kind of skin game that is perfectly all right for children and grown people to play, provided they play it according to the rules of the game. It is this sort of a game that I want to explain to you. Then you can tell your parents to-night that you have learned a new game in school—'The Fair Skin Game.' I am sure that they will be greatly surprised. And then when you explain the game to them, just watch their faces to see them laugh.

"Well—about the game. First of all, you will probably want someone to play the game with you. For boys, fathers make good play-mates. And for girls, mothers add lots of fun to the game. Next—the game is usually played indoors. At least during the winter. In the summer it is more fun playing it outdoors if

you can find the right place for the sport. And you need something else, too—*this*. I wonder if you recognize it?" asked Mr. Playfair as he completed a picture of a bath tub.



"I am glad that someone knows what this picture is. It has saved my reputation as an artist. Sure enough, it does look like a bath tub, doesn't it?

"This is what I call the *Slippery*

Slide. Those of you who know about the Mother West Wind stories will be able to tell the rest of the class about the Slippery Slide the beaver made. This is to be your Slippery Slide. Be careful not to get a bad bump.

"You will need to know the rules of this game in order to get much fun from playing it. Can you think of any rules that we ought to have for the game? Listen carefully, and I will tell you how to play it. First, you draw enough water in the tub to take a real bath; not just a

little water on the bottom of the tub, but enough for a thorough bath. Half a tubful of warm water is about right.

“This water ought to be warm, but not so hot that steam rises like this, and warns you to be careful,” continued the speaker as he drew a second picture. “See how the steam has spelled the word *HOT*? That means that you ought to run in some cold water. You aren’t eggs to be boiled, are you? If you were, two minutes might be enough. But for healthy boys and girls who want a real bath and a good time, it’s much better to have the water not quite so hot, and to stay in a little longer, isn’t it?



“Shall we test the warmth of the water now? Do you know how? You might use a bath thermometer, if you had one, but few persons have. Why not use your hand or your foot? I know



a boy who always used his big toe when he wanted to test the warmth of water. This is the way he used to do it. Do you see how he puts his big toe in?

“Watch him carefully. If the water is too hot, the hair on his head will stand on end like this. And if the water is cold, he will probably shiver. But if the water is just right, he will smile like this. Which do you think he is going to do? Good—he is smiling.

“There are other rules for you to learn—that is, unless you have already learned them at home.

“First, take the soap firmly in your hand and rub its face good and hard in the washcloth just as boys rub each other’s faces in the



snow—just in fun, of course. Then you chase the soapy washcloth all over your body—head, face, neck, and back. And don't forget behind the ears. If you are any good at stunts on the playground, you ought to be able to get around in back and wash your shoulders. That is pretty hard, but the best players at the Skin Game can do this quite well.

“Remember that much of the sport in the game comes from rubbing the skin hard, first with soap, then with the washcloth, and finally with the towel. Almost anyone can dry the wet body with a towel, no matter how little muscle he may have; but it takes real muscle to rub the skin hard enough to bring a pink glow to it. That's what athletes do. It *takes* muscle to do it, but it *makes* muscle if you do it.

“But wait—I forgot to tell you about the fouls in this game. It is a foul to splash water on the wall or on the floor. I'll show you in a minute what 'splash fouls' look like. Some look happy; others seem to feel sorry. I think the boy who made them is the one to feel sorry. Don't you?

"There is another foul that you ought to know about. Many persons, even grown persons, commit this foul and never seem to under-



stand that they haven't played the Skin Game in a fair and square manner.

"It is a foul—a rather serious one, too—to fail to clean the tub when you have taken your bath. If you don't clean the tub, some-

one else is forced to. Is that right?

"Some people sing when they take a bath. Perhaps you do. Remember the next time you sing in your bath to listen for the echo. Some people say that the tub answers back to you, 'Rub a tub, tub. Rub a tub, tub.'

"Even if you fail to hear the tub's song, rub the tub clean. Then you will feel sure that the gurgling sound the water makes as it drains out of the tub, is the water's way of laughing at

the pleasure it has had playing the Skin Game with you. But if you leave the tub to someone else to clean, you will probably hear a different sound which will make you feel ashamed of yourself. It won't be in tub language either.

"Let me see—what else is there to tell about the game? Oh yes—one other thing. You have taken a bath on the outside: now take one on the *inside*. Do you understand what I mean? Take a good drink of cool fresh water before you call the bath complete."

"Our family doctor says that the food tube which runs through the middle of the body needs to be kept sweet and clean just as much as the skin," spoke up Frank Adams, "and no boy can be a good athlete, no matter how hard he practices, if he is clean only on the outside."

"You should brush your teeth, too. Perhaps you are not in the habit of thinking about the mouth when you take a bath, but you ought to, especially if the bath is at night. Clean teeth, clean night clothes, clear air to breathe, and clean underwear to put on in the morning."



"That's a fine game, Mr. Playfair," ventured Joe Douglas, one of the best ball players in the school, "but I think it is most fun when it's played down by Skinner's Bridge where the water is cool and deep."



"Swimming is lots of fun and it's a good, healthful sport, but remember this," cautioned Mr. Playfair, "it's never a fair Skin Game if you go swimming against your parents' orders. Some parents wisely object to

allowing their boys to swim where the water is deep and the current swift, but I know of none who objects to having his son take a tub bath.

"So do your best to be *Clean Sportsmen* on bath days as honestly as on play days.

"Before I go, I want to introduce you to the world's champion clean sportsman. His record is ninety-four thousand, seven hundred and eighteen baths," said Mr. Play-

fair, laughing as he placed the figures 94718 on the board in such a way that they showed a boy taking a bath. "That's a hard record for you to beat, but don't get discouraged. Make your bath motto,



"JUMP IN AND SWIM WITH ALL YOUR VIM"
—THE MORE THE WETTER—



The Story of the Forgotten Garbage Cans

Who is afraid of a dentist? No one in the class was, for when Miss Williams announced that Dr. Franklin, the school dentist, was to visit the class, everyone looked happy. Suppose he did look into their mouths—didn't they all use their toothbrushes? They were proud of their clean teeth and smiled "way back" so that anyone could see that they had good teeth.

"I ought to add," Miss Williams was saying, "that Dr. Franklin told me he was to leave all his tools at home when he came to-day. I am to furnish the tools for him. Can you guess what he asked for? He wants several pieces of nice 'tooth-white' chalk. I imagine he is going to draw some pictures for you. Isn't that fine?"

"It certainly is better than having him *draw teeth* for us," spoke up Fred Sturdy, who had lost a tooth the day before and whose memory of the pain was still fresh.

"Well, I want to say that you were about the bravest boy who has sat in my chair for a long time," came a voice from the back of the room. The class turned as if by command, and there was Dr. Franklin himself. He had entered so quietly that no one except the teacher knew of his presence.

"Children, this is Dr. Franklin, who has come to talk to us. I know that you are all glad to see him—and his pictures," said Miss Williams as she welcomed the doctor and told him that the class was waiting for him to take charge of the Friday afternoon story hour.

"This is a happy time for me, my young friends. I am happiest when I am with young people of about your age. And I want to say before I tell you what is on my mind that you are all looking very well indeed. Your cheeks are all rounded out so well and they have *such* a healthy color! It is fine to have both cheeks

filled out well, for that means health and happiness. But when only *one* cheek is filled out—ah! that's not so nice, is it? Our friend Fred over here knows what I mean. Don't you, my boy?"

"I know, too, for I had a great big one pulled yesterday," spoke up a new pupil. "You can see where it was, Dr. Franklin," he added, starting to put a dirty finger into his mouth and then stopping as he saw looks of disgust on the faces of his classmates. "That's right, my boy, it's a good rule to keep your finger out of the *meat grinder*, whether it be the food chopper in the kitchen or your own food chopper," laughed Dr. Franklin, and the whole class joined in.

"I want to draw a picture of a garbage can for you. I have been practicing it so much that my desk is about covered with garbage cans. One blew off the desk this morning and it looked so real that it rattled. I hope that this one doesn't fall off the black-board with a bang," continued the dentist as he made a few lines here and there on the board. Suddenly there appeared before the class a great,

big, but badly dented garbage can with lid off and flies swarming about it.

Dr. Franklin explained that the flies were coming to see what it was that smelled so good—to them. The filthy flies needed no invitation to venture in and join the party. In they flew to feast upon the decaying food, and after they had eaten all they could hold, they flew away carrying “feetfuls” of the garbage for a second feast somewhere else.

“It’s strange how good food that is placed in a garbage can begins to decay and give rise to unpleasant odors,” commented Dr. Franklin. “But I think that I can explain it all to you if you will listen closely,” continued the doctor.

“You can see better, I think that you can hear better, and I know that you will feel better if you will all sit erect as some are doing. I see a few who have slid way down in their seats with their heads back as if they were getting ready to have a tooth filled, or something like that,” laughed the speaker, who had hardly got the words out of his mouth before every pupil was sitting erect again.

“Four things are needed if decay is to take place. First, there must be food. Every garbage can has food in it. So let me print *Food*



right on the side of the can. Then sour milk frequently finds a place in the garbage can. Sour milk has germs in it. That's why it sours. So I am going to print *Germes* right here under *Food*. Then, too, wet things get into the can. Coffee and tea wastes are

often dumped into it. That's a good place for coffee and tea—at least, it is a better place than in a boy's or girl's stomach. So I am going to print *Water* here under the other two words.

“There is a fourth thing necessary if we are to have decay. It doesn't have to go in at the top. It can find its way in right through the side of the can. I don't believe that you will ever guess it. I am thinking about heat. It may be from the sun, or it may be

from the kitchen stove. But it is almost certain that heat will find its way in. So I am printing *Heat* here with the other three words.

"Now, then, who can tell me what is going to happen when you mix food, water, germs, and heat together?" inquired Dr. Franklin, looking around the class for an answer.

"I know," exclaimed William Heath with a smile that revealed two rows of white teeth. "The food will decay and have a bad odor. If I were there I should put the lid on the garbage can right away."

"Exactly so," agreed Dr. Franklin; "the food will decay. Next let us look at this picture." The dentist hurriedly sketched on the board a picture of a "dental cripple" with what looked like lightning, representing *shooting pains*, darting out of the top of his head.

"Here is another garbage can," smiled Dr. Franklin as he looked around to see what effect his words would have on the class. "I say that this is another garbage can," he repeated, as he saw a puzzled look on the faces of the pupils. The children in Miss Williams' class

were usually wide awake, but they did not see why the dentist should call the second picture a garbage can.

"Let me explain. This hole at the top is



really a cavity in a tooth. It has food in it, water is present in the saliva of the mouth, and there are germs present also. The mouth contains germs most of the time, but usually, unless we are sick, they are not disease germs; they

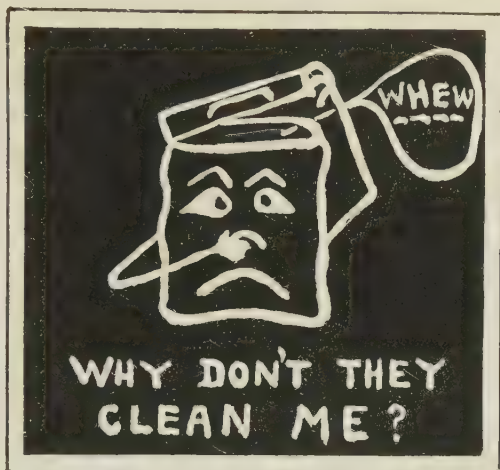
are merely decay germs. And it is *warm* in the mouth. It's just about summer heat here. So don't you see that you have food, water, germs, and heat right in this cavity? That means that there will be decay and odor. I want you to remember that every decaying tooth is a small garbage can, and it may have an odor, too, although you yourself may not realize it.

"What are we going to do about all this

decay?" asked Dr. Franklin with a show of great concern.

"I think that we ought to brush our teeth every morning and every evening," answered

Fred Sturdy, who had been taught that a true sportsman always plays a *clean* game, does his best to keep his name *clean*, and remembers to keep his teeth and body *clean*.



"Yes, that's the idea," replied Dr. Franklin. "Now here's a fellow that *knows* what a toothbrush is. No crutches for him! How many have toothbrushes at home? And tell me, do they show wear? I hope so, because that means that you are using them. Of course you need some

dental powder or some tooth paste. And I find that it is a good idea to use dental floss between the teeth. A piece of floss will get in where the bristles of a toothbrush cannot reach. You must be careful not to cut the gums with the floss.

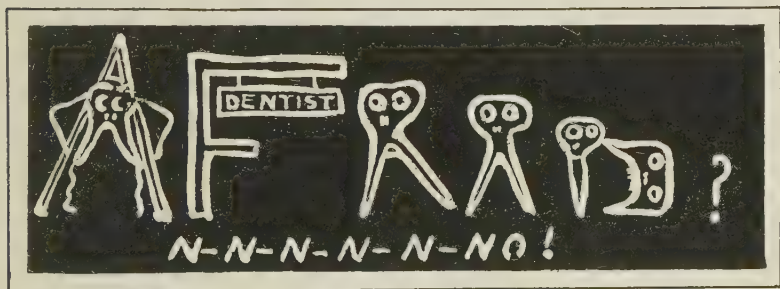
“After you have brushed your teeth and rinsed your mouth, you ought to wash your brush and hang it in a place to dry where it will keep clean. If possible keep the flies away, for they will surely use your brush for a shoe brush if



they get a chance. It's also a good plan to wash the brush before using it. You ought to rinse your mouth at night with an alkaline wash. That's to keep the mouth from getting acid during the night, when much of the dental decay takes place.”

“How often ought one to have his teeth examined?” questioned Steven Foley, famous for his happy smile. Some people said that Steve smiled so wide that his eye tooth saw about as much as he did.

“I am glad that you asked that question,” replied Dr. Franklin. “It’s much better to take pains with your teeth than to have pains take you, isn’t it? I think that the teeth ought to be examined by a dentist at least once a year. It isn’t painful to have work done on the teeth



before they begin to ache, but afterwards—well, I have to admit that it does hurt sometimes.

But don't think about the pain too much. Remember that every decaying tooth is a little *garbage can*, and that it is also a dental cripple because it can't do as much chewing work as a sound tooth."

"We are very grateful to Dr. Franklin for his talk," said Miss Williams at the close of the story hour. "I hope that you will remember for a long time what he has told you about the dental garbage cans. You ought to take pride in having good teeth and a sweet mouth, and in being strong enough to do the things that require some thought and care; always remember to keep your mouth clean, not only on the outside where people can see, but also on the inside where the real secret of good health is so often to be found."

That night, it seems safe to say, the Toothbrush Squad of the class drilled long and faithfully. Not that anyone was afraid of the dentist's chair, but just because each member of it had awakened to the fact that a brave smile is much better if it shows good teeth as well as good courage.

Wise sayings of the Toothbrush Squad, School
Number Ten.

I

HOW TO TAKE CARE OF THE TEETH

Brush up, brush down,
Brush all around.

Brush in, brush out,
Brush all about.

Brush early, brush late,
Brush each little toothmate.

II

Bed time is brush time.

III

Animals show their teeth when angry,
Humans show their teeth when they smile.

IV

No dentist will *O.K.* teeth that show *D.K.*

V

Don't forget the *inside* of your teeth. Teeth need milk as well as brushing three times a day.





The Magic Lotion

“PRESTO, CHANGE!” How often are these two magic words spoken! Wonder-workers have employed them on the dimly lit stage, on the narrow streets of India, in the front parlor, and—out in the barn “theater” where some of the “world’s greatest magicians” have made their first bow to an audience.

And now the pupils in Miss Williams’ class were hearing them again. Such magic had never before been seen, for a real magician was entertaining the class. Goldfish were caught right out of the thin air with the aid of a magic rod and net. White rabbits popped out of silk hats that a moment before had been empty. Beautiful birds fluttered in empty cages at the

sound of a pistol. Cards danced on the table and kept time to music. Full-sized eggs rolled out of boys' mouths. Spelling books changed into story books with beautiful pictures at the command of the magician. And perhaps most wonderful of all, ink was turned into real lemonade and writing paper into chocolate candy.

"Go on, please. Show us some more tricks," begged the children, waving their arms wildly.

"And if you haven't any more tricks, Miss Williams will give you some more writing paper," cried Elmer Brown, as he waved a piece of the magic candy in the air.

"I wish that I might go on with the tricks," laughed Professor Hess, "but the truth of the matter is I didn't expect such a reception and so I left most of my magic outfit up in my room at the hotel. Next time I shall know better what you like, and I promise you that there will be enough magic candy for all. But you have been so good to me that I should like to tell you about a wonderful magic lotion with which you can perform tricks as well as any magician.

"I discovered this magic lotion many years

ago in a gypsy's tent where I had gone with another boy of about my age to have our fortunes told. The fortune teller sat behind a table, holding a crystal ball into which she gazed from time to time. Hanging in front of the table was a large picture of a hand with a lot of lines running across it. And there was also a picture of a man's head with several bumps on it.

"If I remember rightly, a pack of cards was lying on the table. I learned later that the fortune teller claimed to be able to tell fortunes by reading these cards. Some people believe in such fortune telling, just as others think that your fortune can be told by feeling the bumps on your head," laughed the magician—and it was pretty clear to the class that he had little faith in such methods of telling one's fortune.

"The fortune teller told me to put out my hand—I think it was my right hand—and after looking at it a moment, she ordered an old gypsy woman to bring in the MAGIC LOTION.

"This the old gypsy did, spilling some of the magic lotion on the floor, for which she received a sharp scolding and many angry looks. I had no

idea what the precious liquid could be, but I felt sure that it must be worth a great deal of money. If not, why was each drop guarded so carefully?

“ ‘Put your hand in the magic lotion,’ ordered the gypsy very sternly, showing some yellow teeth. I confess that I was afraid of this mysterious water, for the gypsy ordered me to put my whole hand in. ‘It won’t hurt you, young man,’ said the gypsy. ‘Hurry up!’ So in went my hand at last, one finger at a time.

“After a few moments, the fortune teller told me to take my hand out. Really, it didn’t look like my hand at all, it was so white and clean.

“The old gypsy smiled as she saw my surprise and said to me, ‘I couldn’t see the health lines on your hand on account of the dirt.’ I was never so ashamed of myself before. The boy with me laughed so hard that several people looked into the tent to see what was going on.

“And then I was told to dry my hand on a towel that looked as if it had been used to clean an army of coal miners. I didn’t like to do this, but I finally obeyed, determined that I would never come back for a second visit.

“The gypsy ran her long finger nail up and down the lines on the palm of my hand, somewhat as you see them in this picture,” said Professor Hess, as he rapidly drew on the board the outline of a hand. “‘You are going to be a dentist some day, but the first lesson for you to learn,’ said the fortune teller very slowly and with great emphasis, ‘is to keep your hands *clean*.’”

“I looked at the gypsy to see if she was making sport of me, but she seemed so serious that I began to think that she was giving me some valuable advice. The more I think of it, the more I am inclined to feel that I got much more than my money’s worth that day.

“Do you suppose I would have to use the gypsy’s magic lotion in order to see the health lines on your hands, my friends? The most important lines, so I am told, are the little circles



on the tips of your fingers. These lines look like small records for a talking machine. If they can be seen easily, it usually means that your hands are not very dirty.

"Now, then, there are three famous health



magicians whom you ought to know. I'll draw their pictures on the board. Here they are. Their names are *Retaw*, *Paos*, and *Lewot*. Did you ever hear of them? Have you ever seen them? Just think about it a little while. If you don't know them, I

shall of course be glad to introduce you to them, but really that ought not to be necessary. Do you think so, Miss Williams?"

"No indeed, Professor. My pupils all know the three famous magicians whose names you have just told them."

"I know where there is a whole tub full of

magic lotion, Mr. Magician," spoke up Fred Hollins with a twinkle in his eyes. "It's over at our house, and I am going to get in up to my neck to-night. Do you think there is any danger?" Fred added with a sly wink.

"Not unless you splash a lot of the magic lotion on the wall," replied the Professor, who enjoyed the fun as much as any of the pupils.

When school was dismissed that afternoon, there were several pupils who remained to watch Professor Hess pack up and help him to carry his outfit back to the hotel. There could hardly be a greater honor than carrying a satchel for the magician.

As a reward for their help, Professor Hess put some invisible writing on the blackboard with a magic crayon and gave each one a



piece. He told his young friends that they would be able to read what he has just written



when they came to school on Monday. To the one who guessed what was written on the board, was promised a rabbit like the magician's. But no one guessed right, and I doubt if you would, for this is what the pupils saw:

*Use the magic lotion
Each time you take
the notion
(and before you eat).*

*Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it in the tub
If they are bold.
(Are you?)*

**CLEANLINESS IS IMPORTANT
TACKLE IT HARD
TOOTH AND NAIL**



A Fight in the Dark

C-a-r-t-o-o-n-i-s-t, spelled a number of pupils who had gathered around a small poster that Miss Williams had placed on the bulletin board.

"I wonder what that means," inquired Mabel Grayson, as she looked first at one pupil and then at another for an answer. But there was no one who could solve the riddle. The rest of the notice was clear, however. He or it—or perhaps she—whatever a cartoonist is—was to have some part in the regular Friday afternoon story hour.

The next day was Friday. It was nearly three and no cartoonist had appeared, unless that flat bundle of pictures or something, over in the corner, was it. The mystery was getting deeper

and deeper, when the door opened and an odd-looking man stepped in. Was he the cartoonist? Maybe—for Miss Williams stepped forward to greet him and took his hat and cane, after which she showed him to a seat up in front of the class.

“I wonder how many of you read the ‘comic section’ of the Sunday paper,” asked Miss Williams as she searched the class for a show of hands. “Did you ever wonder where these pictures came from, and who drew them? They are as good as medicine, sometimes, aren’t they?”

“Sometimes they say more than a whole page of print. I doubt if you children would now have your splendid playground away from the dangers of traffic and where the summer air is so fresh and clean, if it had not been for the strong way in which your needs were shown to the citizens of this town through the use of cartoons.

“Mr. Wells, our guest to-day, is the man who drew the cartoons that showed the need for a playground. And he is the man who draws

the clever pictures you all look for in the Sunday paper. Do we want to have him talk to us this afternoon?"

"We certainly do, Miss Williams," said Lawrence Mansfield, best athlete in the class, and also the best scholar. "And if Mr. Wells will make the chalk do some talking, too, we shall be twice as glad to hear him."

"That suits me, children," declared Mr. Wells as he stood up. "Have you plenty of crayon, Miss Williams? I shall want some colored chalk, too, and perhaps an eraser, if you please," he added with a smile that was as much in the eyes as upon the lips.

"I wonder if you children ever play Blind Man's Buff," continued the speaker. "I think that it is great sport. Not long ago I saw some big boys playing the game. But they were playing it in a new way. There were two fellows in the circle, and both were blindfolded. Each one had on boxing gloves. They were trying to hit each other without being hit in return. The gloves were soft so that no one could get badly hurt. I watched them for some time as

they made wild jabs and passes at each other," said Mr. Wells, showing just how they ducked and pounded the air, much to the amusement of all.

"That's what we call Blind Man's *Biff*," said Arthur Gwynn. "Sometimes we play it with



the two boxers standing in barrels. It's lots of fun to see which one gets tipped over," he added with a laugh in which several of the other boys joined in high glee.

"I know what you mean, boys. How does this look?" asked Mr. Wells as he quickly drew on the board a picture of two boys standing in barrels and doing their best to land a blow where it would do the most good—or the most harm, depending upon one's point of view.

"If boys have to fight each other, gloves ought to be worn. But they aren't always

handy when the trouble starts, are they? Hygiene is a young fighter, too. Here he is:

“Of course you all agree with me that it’s a shame for a big fellow to fight a small boy. And it is just as disgraceful to use a knife or a stick or to throw stones when you fight.

“The brave boy fights fairly. He doesn’t hit the other fellow when he is down. There is little if any reason for children fighting each other. There are more important battles that demand attention and strength. I know the name of a very dangerous enemy that you all ought to join forces in beating.

“You can’t see this enemy. Fighting him is a good deal like playing Blind Man’s Biff. You know that he is somewhere in the circle, but you can’t see him. Not because you have a handkerchief over your eyes, but just because



he is so very small. He could go swimming with thousands of other bad fellows in a single drop of water and have plenty of room for diving. He certainly is small, but he can fight

hard. I am going to tell you how to give battle to him.



"This picture shows what your enemy looks like," went on Mr. Wells, as he turned to sketch a queer-looking imp on the board. "Your enemy isn't pleasant to look at. His name is Disease. I am giving him a crooked

back. He has a funny-shaped head with no room for brains. I think that he *sneezed* them all away. He is either spitting or coughing or sneezing all the time.

"His sneezes are just like exploding fire crackers. And they are just as dangerous, too—that is, if you are close. I was taught to keep away from lighted fire crackers, even if they

acted as if they were not going to go off. If I went near one, I used to put my foot over it just to be safe. I wish, sometimes, that we could put our feet down on the sneezing habit, too!

“How I dislike him! He fights with dirty hands. He hasn’t any chest, but his stomach is full of germs. See how large it is? This enemy never fights fairly and squarely.

He attacks babies and old people, as well as young people, when they are not looking. He will hit you in the nose or the mouth if he gets a chance.

“There are two ways in which Disease finds an easy entrance into our bodies,” said Mr. Wells. He turned to the board and set down the figure 2. Continuing, he said, “These two ways are, first—the mouth, and second—the





nose. Perhaps I can explain what I mean a little better. How do you like this?" he asked, suddenly changing the figure '2' into a face, the upper part of it making the nose and the lower part the mouth.

"Try to remember when you see the figure '2' that there are *two* easy ways for disease germs to enter the body, and they are the nose and the mouth. In fact," laughed Mr. Wells, "these *two* ways are *too* easy. We ought to make them harder.

"I like this picture much better than the picture of Disease. It



shows you a brave fighter with a strong back, good muscles, firm chin, and white boxing gloves. You can't fight Disease with dirty gloves and hands. No one knows yet who is going to win the fight between your champion here on the board and your enemy, but I expect you to be able to show him that you are his master.

"If I could come in and visit you again in about a week, I should like to make some changes in these pictures. But I shall have to be away for several months, so I am going to tell your teacher what to do. You may listen.

"Will you give me some help with these pictures, Miss Williams?" asked Mr. Wells turning, to the teacher, who had been copying the cartoons.

"Most certainly. But I am afraid that I can't draw them the way you do. It would take me a long time to draw such fine pictures, and even then I doubt if anyone would know what they were about."

"Miss Williams is too modest about her ability as an artist, Mr. Wells," spoke up Fred

Platt, who never missed a chance to show his loyalty for his teacher. "Miss Williams draws fine pictures. That poster over there in the corner—the one showing a boy saving a little girl from a street car—was drawn by our teacher," added Fred as proudly as if he had done the work himself.

"I am sure that you can do everything that I shall want you to, Miss Williams. Your loyal friend has convinced me, if indeed there were need for such proof of your ability.

"One week from to-day I want you to note whether any pupils are absent on account of sickness. If none is, that will mean that these children are *winning* their fight against Disease.

"In that case, please change the arms and legs of our champion. That can't be done well in real life, can it? There are no extra parts when one is lost. But you can show on the board that the champion's muscles are growing larger as he gains strength from his fight. Do you get the idea, children?

"I want you to make his chest larger, too, like this," suggested Mr. Wells, throwing his chest

out like a regular athlete. "After you have made these changes, draw a yellow star on your champion's chest. That's in case there is no sickness in the class.

"Now for the crooked-backed Imp of Disease over here," continued the Cartoonist. "How would it do to show him with a black eye? That's not much of a badge of honor, is it, boys?

"But—and listen to this, children," said Mr. Wells, pointing his finger at each one in turn and looking very serious—"if Disease gets the upper hand for a time, it may be your champion who will have to get the black eye. That won't be so good, will it, girls?"

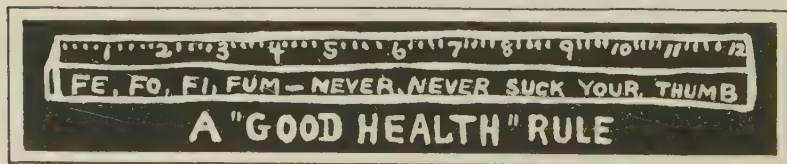
"This is where you people come in," added Mr. Wells. "I want each one of you to draw these pictures after they have been changed and to take them home for your parents to see. Explain what they mean. Then bring them back to school, and Miss Williams will select the best picture from the boys and the best one from the girls, and send them to me. That will tell me how successful you are in fighting your enemies in the dark.

"Then I am going to take the better picture of the two and send it to the paper, and you will see it one of these days in the place where my cartoons appear."

"Hurrah, fellows," shouted Tom Thurber, jumping to his feet. "Let us give Disease a knock-out blow. Clean hands, face, handkerchief, and teeth to-morrow morning, everyone of you. No coughing or sneezing without trying to protect others from it, and no fingers in the mouth unless you are almost choking to death."

"And don't forget that we can fight, too," replied Jean MacConnell, a girl of strong purpose as well as one of the best-natured girls in the class.

"That's right. Brains as well as brawn count when you fight Disease. When trying to hit Disease *on* the nose, be very careful that he doesn't hit you *in* the nose—with a 'sneeze blow,' for example," cautioned Mr. Wells as he departed.





Footprints

Time waits for no man—and neither does the weather.

At least, it didn't one Friday afternoon as the hour neared three. Clouds appeared in the east and began sweeping across the sky. Great black clouds they were, too. And wet. Yes, indeed, and so full of electricity that great jagged streaks of it shot out and went crashing to the earth.

There was one crash that brought the pupils in Miss Williams' class up standing, it was so sudden and terrific. The one bridge that connected the village with the outside world felt the full force of the bolt. Its great wooden beams bent like the legs of a wounded giant,

as the bridge fell—a mass of shattered timbers—into the roaring river.

It was perhaps the first time Dan Rollins had met defeat in a race. Dan had enough gold prizes in his room at college to make any boy proud. And now he was facing defeat. He had been racing—in a car—against the storm in an effort to reach School Number Ten before three o'clock. But the storm had won. The bridge was down, and Dan Rollins' progress was barred by a raging river.

Dan Rollins could hardly keep from shaking his fists at the racing clouds and darting lightning. He took out his watch to see if there was yet time to reach the school in case he could find or make a way to cross the river. As he glanced at the watch, the big bell on the town hall pealed out the hour of three. To Dan Rollins, the bell seemed to sound like some deep voiced baseball umpire calling, "One—Two—Three strikes—Out!"

But Dan Rollins was not willing to accept defeat from the hands of Fate. To him, it was just another dare to try again, as it always

is to the strong of heart. And he turned defeat into victory. Just how, you shall find out a little later.

About fifteen minutes after three, when Miss Williams had given up all hope that the Friday afternoon speaker would appear, the door in the back of the room opened. There stood a broad-shouldered young man, clothes wet and water dripping from his hat. There was mud on his shoes. Except for his smiling, good-natured face, he looked like a tramp. But there was something about him that seemed to tell of victory of some sort or another.

"Hurrah for Mr. Rollins," shouted Hal Richards, captain of the ball team. "Mr. Rollins has won again. Let's give him nine cheers," shouted the captain, imitating the best he could the way in which the high school cheer leaders acted at the big games.

Finally the class quieted down. The pupils wanted to hear what Mr. Rollins had to say. And they wanted to know why their guest had his left hand bandaged with a handkerchief. It was all very puzzling to them.

"It was a very foolish stunt that injured my hand," said Dan Rollins to Miss Williams who had asked him how it happened. "I am almost ashamed to tell these children. If I tell them, do you suppose they will promise not to try the same thing I did?" asked the speaker as he turned to Miss Williams with a serious look upon his face.

"We promise, Mr. Dan," cried Hal Richards, speaking for the class.

"I cut my hand on a piece of wire," explained the speaker. "When the bridge fell into the river, I had to find some other way to get over here. I noticed a wire cable that stretches across the river and over the bridge. I think that it carries telephone wires. Well, I climbed a telephone pole, tried the cable to see if it was strong, and then worked my way across the river, going hand over hand. The wire cable cut into my hands and this one seemed to suffer most. I am glad that it was my left hand. I shall need my right hand in the hard game I am going to pitch to-morrow.

"Don't you ever take a chance like that unless

it is to save a life. Never needlessly take a chance that may lose a life. Understand the difference, children? When you cross the bridge, use your feet. Don't come over on your hands, as I did," advised Mr. Rollins.

"Can you guess what I am to talk about this afternoon? I think that you ought to, because it is written all over the floor!" added Mr. Rollins as he saw the puzzled look on the faces of the pupils.

"Mud—you are going to talk about mud," ventured a timid voice.

"Well, yes—something that mud does," encouraged the speaker.

"Mud makes footprints—and work, too, doesn't it. Sometimes it makes work for the janitor. Sometimes it makes work for your mothers. I wonder if any of your mothers will be looking at your muddy footprints on the kitchen floor and perhaps on the rugs this afternoon when you get home. I hope not. Really, you ought to do all that you can to lessen the housework your mothers have to do.

"Here is a picture of some footprints a thoughtless boy made on his mother's rug,"



added the speaker as he turned to draw on the board.

"It took me only a moment to draw this picture, and it takes you only a moment to make mud tracks on the floor and rugs.

"But remember this, my friends," smiled Dan Rollins

as he erased the picture with one sweep. "It isn't nearly so easy to erase mud footprints as it is to erase picture footprints. If it were, it might not be so serious—this tracking in mud and filth on one's shoes. Just a magic touch of the mop or the broom, and all as good as ever.

"But you must also remember that dirt tracked indoors is sometimes the cause of sickness. To the creeping baby, a piece of mud on the rug may look like a piece of chocolate candy,

and pop—into the mouth it goes. All this would be very funny if it were not for the fact that street dirt with the germs it contains isn't good for babies—or anyone else.

"Perhaps you have never thought about this before," said Dan Rollins very seriously. "But the man who invented door mats did, and you ought to make good use of them wherever you see one."

"Do you know," and the speaker smiled as he continued his talk, "I like to think that the word WELCOME you often see on door mats, means *your shoes*. And if you see some mats that do not carry this invitation to your shoes to 'make themselves at home,' don't you pass them by. Step right up, and shine your shoes *on the soles*."

"What a fine idea it would be to have the doors so fixed that they would remain closed until some secret spring hidden in the door mat could be pressed, and then, as if by magic, the door would open wide to admit a pair of *clean shoes* and whoever happened to be walking in them. Wouldn't that be wonderful? If we could each have a pair of Aladdin shoes to rub

and polish, how much cleaner our homes would be!

“Of course,” continued the speaker, “children are not the only ones who make footprints. Years and years ago, very large animals lived on this earth, and some of them have left their footprints right in the rocks. Perhaps some of you have seen such footprints in some museum.

“And you remember the footprints Robinson Crusoe discovered in the sand, and how frightened he was. I can imagine how he must have felt.

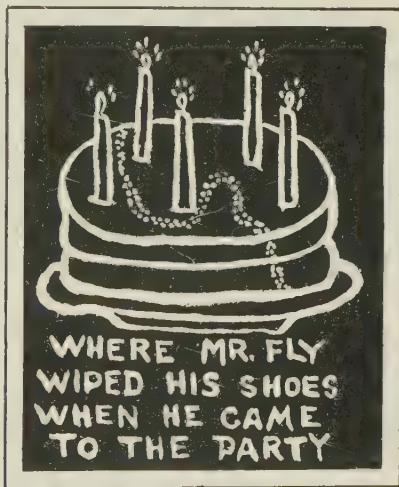
“Perhaps some of you have been thinking about the way in which Indians used to track their enemy. Some Indians were able to track a person as well as a bloodhound could. Indians had to be very clever at times, for their enemies would try to hide their footprints under small rocks, or under leaves.

“But there is a footprint that not even an Indian could track. This footprint is too small to be seen by the naked eye, no matter how sharp it may be. Perhaps some of you know what enemy I am talking about. Everyone of you has seen him at work making his footprints,

but you have never seen them. They are too small.

“You must remember, though, that it isn’t the size of the footprint that counts. The important thing is what the footprint is made of. The footprints a boy makes on the bathroom floor just after jumping out of the tub are clean. But the footprints of the enemy I am going to tell you about are very dirty. And not only that—this enemy makes six footprints instead of two as we do.

“It does no good to call mother to clean up these filthy footprints. Because if she tried to, she would have to scrub the top of all the bread, butter, cake, and what not. For that is where this enemy makes his footprints. This is a picture of him making footprints on somebody’s birthday



WHERE MR. FLY
WIPE HIS SHOES
WHEN HE CAME
TO THE PARTY

cake," said Mr. Rollins, drawing a big picture of a fly.

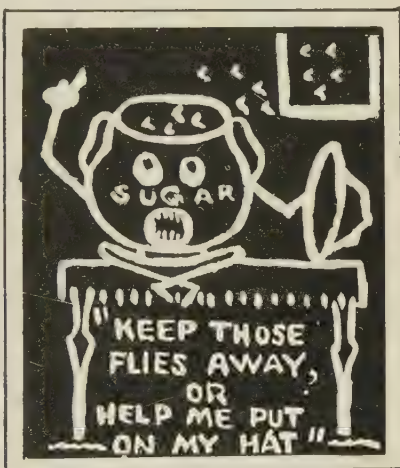
"I feel like posting a 'No parking' sign on top of this cake, but I have no idea that the fly would obey it even if he could read it. A 'Closed



to traffic' sign would fail, too. The only way I know to keep Mr. Fly away from food is to lock him out of the house the way you do a burglar who comes to steal your riches, and perhaps to take your life.

"Flies have filthy feet. Wherever you see spittle, there you will see flies—if it's in the

summer time. Sometimes the spittle comes from people who are sick. It may come from the lungs of a person who has tuberculosis. To us, spitting is a filthy habit. But to the fly, it seems to make a good wading pool. Flies



are filthy, but it is the disgusting habit some people have of spitting on the sidewalk and street crossings and other places where people walk, that helps to make the fly a danger to health.

“Doctors claim that the fly is one of the worst enemies we have. He may be more dangerous

than a wild lion, or a bear, or even a rattlesnake. We can't put him in a cage. Neither can we shoot him when he comes close. The best way is to keep him out of the house. That means that you must close the screen door as quickly as possible. You must be quicker than the filthy-footed fly. He is always watching you. I wonder if you are watching him as keenly.

"And don't forget," cautioned Mr. Rollins, "that there are 'human flies,' too. By that I mean children and grown people who handle their food or the food that others eat, with dirty hands.

"I think that these 'human flies' ought to be *swatted* just like any other fly, don't you, children?" said Mr. Rollins as he brought his talk to a close.

FOOT NOTES ON FILTHY FLY

1. HIS FEET ARE COVERED WITH GERMS
2. HE WASHES HIS FEET IN SPIT
3. YOUR FOOD IS A DOOR MAT FOR HIS FEET



The Acrobatic Stomach

“Do you mean to tell me that *he* used to attend this very school? And that he sat in one of these seats? And—and that Miss Williams used to be his teacher?” whispered Ray Brookfield to Jimmie Carnes, who seemed to know all about *somebody* of vital importance to nearly everyone that morning.

The somebody under discussion looked very much out of place in school. And why not? For he was in clown make-up—face, hat, clothes, and all. Yet he was not sitting on a stool over in the corner of the room in disgrace. For, let it be known, Phil Whiteface was no dunce, even if he was a clown. Far from being stupid was Phil, for he was said to be one of the best clown acrobats in the circus business.

The circus to which Phil belonged was showing in a near-by city, and he had taken the chance to run home for a short visit. In some way, Miss Williams learned about his presence, and got her former pupil to visit school and wear his clown costume so that the class might see him in regular circus clothes and perhaps hear some exciting tales.

"The life of an acrobat is far from easy," Phil was saying. "It means a lot of hard work to learn the stunts. Take this one for example," said Phil, as he jumped lightly on to one of the desks in front, kicked into a perfect handstand, and walked—on his hands, mind you—down one row of desks and back another, all the time wearing his clown hat on one of his feet.

"An acrobat has to know the rules of health, too," added Phil as he landed safely on his feet. "He must be on good terms with his stomach, if you know what I mean. Because, if he abuses his stomach, it may begin to perform tricks, too.

"Shall I tell you something about the stomach's tricks?"

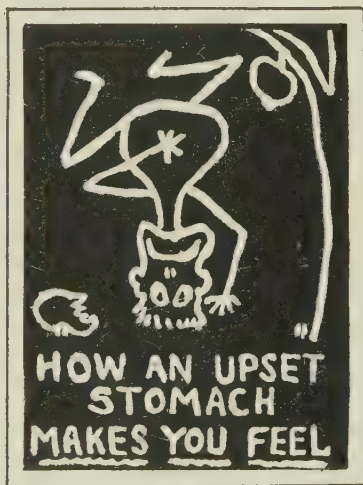
"Yes, yes, please do," came a chorus of voices from all over the room, for Phil Whiteface had completely won the class, and they felt sure that he could give a talk even about "dust" that would be far from *dry* to the audience.

"One of the first things we have to learn in this acrobatic business," laughed Phil, "is that we have to train our stomachs just as much as our muscles and our sense of balance.

"An acrobat needs a well-behaved stomach or he can't do any of the hard stunts. It's his stomach that does the stunts in that case. So you must understand that stomachs

are acrobats, ready to spoil your feats if you abuse them very much.

"Now here is a picture of a boy acrobat," continued Phil as he quickly drew a cartoon of a boy standing on his head. "I want you to tell



me what you think this fellow is doing. Is he showing off to the girls?"

"I think that he is trying a head spin such as I once saw a man do in the circus," ventured Howard Knapp, who was one of the few boys in the class who could turn a hand spring.

"Well, not exactly a head spin the way you mean," smiled Phil. "I suspect his head is spinning, but not because he is turning around. It just *feels* that way to him."

"Look closely, and you will discover that the fellow in the picture has one hand on his head and the other on his stomach. That's a queer position for an acrobat, isn't it?"

"Oh, I know what's the matter with him," exclaimed Mary Gray. "He has a stomach ache, and it makes him *feel* upset."

"Good for you—but not very good for him, is it?" laughed Phil, as he praised Mary for giving the right answer. "This fellow is in pain. See how the corners of his mouth are drawn down. The mouth never looks that way when you smile, does it?" remarked Phil Whiteface as he gave the class one of his most generous

smiles. With no clown make-up, Phil had a wide smile, but in clown paint, his smile seemed to run way back to his ears and wiggle them.

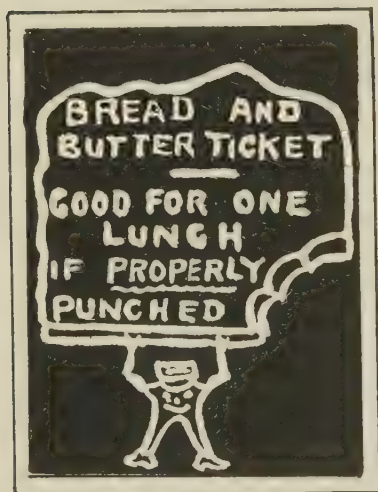
"Let me ask the fellow in the picture what caused all his trouble. He may be able to give us some good advice. It's just what I expected," said Phil, shaking his head and looking very thoughtful. "He says that he ate too much ice cream and peanuts and things like that over at the circus, and then on the way home he ate some green apples. Isn't that a foolish way to treat your stomach?"

"Let me put my hand on his stomach a moment," laughed Phil, "and perhaps I can feel the apple. No apple to be felt," added the clown, "but I can feel something jumping up and down, forwards and backwards and in every other direction like a madman."

"His stomach must be doing some acrobatic stunts like those you spoke about," ventured Fred Shepard with a grin, for he was enjoying the clown's story very much.

"Exactly. His stomach is trying a few tricks of its own. It is liable to turn inside out at

any moment. That is usually the last stunt it does. Afterwards, it makes a bow, so to speak, and then lets someone else have the center of the stage. I guess the next time this boy attempts to eat enough for an elephant, he will



stop and wonder if his stomach enjoys it too. You must learn to please your stomach. It is not enough merely to please your palate.

"Eating food is something like going to a circus. You must have a ticket and it must be a good ticket. The man at the entrance to the

tent won't accept any old piece of paper you offer him. It must be a good ticket. If it isn't, you may be bounced out by some strong-armed circus attendant. Now it is something like this with food: If the food isn't properly punched by the teeth, the stomach may refuse to accept the food ticket, and back it comes.

"I have never been in a stomach," said Phil, "but I can imagine about what it's like. Of course there are no lights there. It is absolutely dark. And there are no seats for the food passengers who are waiting to start on a trip through the digestive system. Seats would be of no use in a station that is moving



up and down and from side to side all the time. I should think they would want straps with which to hold on. The stomach gives every piece of food a good shaking before the food journey begins. Isn't that interesting? It gets

pretty crowded down there sometimes, just as a trolley does at rush hours, and especially on holidays.

"Speaking about trains and passengers makes me think of the noise the engine makes when it is starting off on a trip. You have all noticed it, I am sure," said Mr. Whiteface. "Isn't this



the sound—Choo, Choo, Ch-o-o?" How would it do to change the spelling, and make it Chew, Chew, Ch-e-w? That's the way we ought to start our food on the greatest and most wonderful trip in the world." And then with a merry laugh the speaker added, "But

don't chew so that people can hear you. We want to have good table manners as well as good health manners."

"I am glad to hear you say what you do about table manners," spoke up Miss Williams. "We

are trying to teach the children in this class to eat the proper kind of food, and to eat it properly. The children who bring their lunches all belong to our lunch club. Its motto is 'Have a *good* time at *food* time: don't *hurry* and don't *worry*.' "

"Of course," replied Mr. Whiteface. "I am sure that there are no human ostriches in this class. I used to know a fellow whom we called 'Ostrich Neck' because of the way he rushed through his meals."

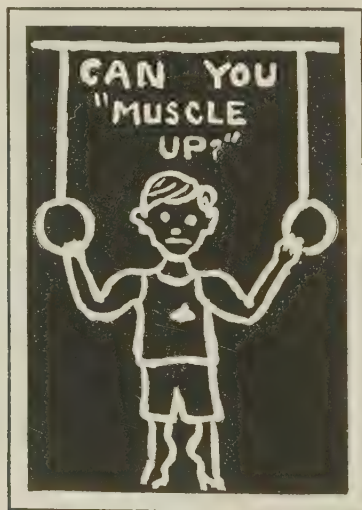
"Perhaps he was training to be a sword swallower," whispered Jack Fulton to his friend across the aisle.

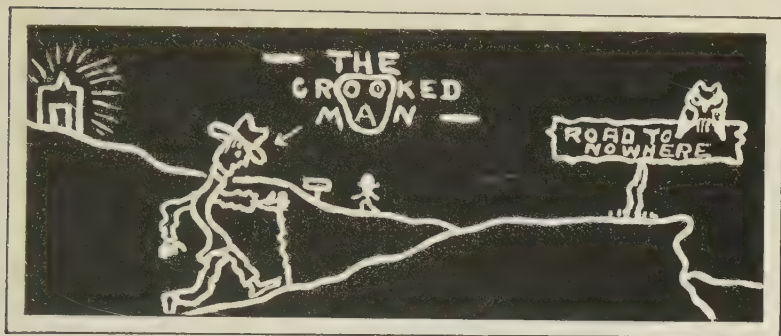


"That's where you are wrong," assured Phil Whiteface, who had overheard the whisper, "Sword swallowers swallow their food very slowly, else they might get into the hurrying habit and swallow a sword the wrong way."

That would be a serious matter, wouldn't it?"

That afternoon, had they been on the playground, parents might have seen boys trying all sorts of safe stunts that Phil had taught them, and that evening parents saw their children trying to use their stomachs with the same respect that an acrobat shows to his stomach.





The Crooked Man

It was Friday afternoon, and raining hard. In Miss Williams' room the clouds outside seemed to have found their way indoors in spite of the teacher's efforts to make her own smiles take the place of Old Sol and his sunbeams. She was meeting with little success; her pupils were restless and tired from their enforced stay indoors all day. It was because of this that the unexpected entrance of Mr. Playfair was so welcome.

"Cheer up, little friends. The Weather Man says that we shall have fair weather to-morrow; so we shall be able to have our picnic after all," said Mr. Playfair, smiling pleasantly. Eyes that had been watching the hands of the clock

creep slowly around to the time for closing school gave up their weary task and paid full attention to the speaker, for his presence in the classroom always meant a good time. What healthy-minded and strong-muscled boy or girl doesn't enjoy a good game or a new stunt, or perhaps a picture story?

"I should like to give you a test this afternoon, children," said Mr. Playfair with a twinkle in his eye. "Now don't be alarmed," he added. "This is not a hard test. You won't need any paper or pencils. About all you will have to do is to sit up straight, listen hard, forget that it is raining, and answer my questions if you can.

"First, I want to see if you know anything about my old friend, Mother Goose. What is that you say? Mother Goose is also your friend? That is what I hoped you would say. Well, then, who can tell me the rhyme about the crooked man? What did he do? Right—he walked a crooked mile. Go on—what else did he do? That's right—he found a crooked sixpence and he bought a crooked cat that

caught a crooked mouse and they all lived together in a little crooked house.

“Will anyone show me how he thinks the crooked man looked as he walked? This is how *I* think he must have looked. Do you see his crooked legs, his crooked arms, and his crooked back? He even has a crooked cane. I think his bones must be made of rubber—they bend so easily. This is the crooked mile that he walked. It would make most of us dizzy to walk such a crooked line, wouldn’t it?

“Maybe he slept in a crooked bed. Mother Goose doesn’t say that he had a crooked bed, but he could hardly sleep in a straight one, could he? And probably he had a crooked chair to sit on. Who knows but that he had a crooked bath tub, too? Can you picture him taking a bath all bent up like a pretzel, or eating with his crooked legs bent around the crooked legs of his chair?

“I have often wondered what could have made this fellow so crooked. Perhaps he fell out of a tree and broke all his bones. Sometimes children fall out of trees and hurt their spines so

that they grow up with crooked backs. Sometimes children grow up with deformed legs because they don't eat the right kind of food. Disease makes cripples of little folks once in a while. And sometimes children grow up with crooked backs for no reason at all except that they are too lazy to stand straight and to sit properly.

"I hope, however, that none of you ever makes fun of anyone who is deformed or crippled. Any

person who does so is a poor sportsman," said Mr. Playfair, looking around the class.

"My second test is to see if there are any children in this class who are related to the crooked man. I can tell by seeing how well you sit.

The best place to make the test is from the side of the room. Most of you pass this test pretty well. Shall I put your marks on the board?



“Five receive a mark of *C*; the rest deserve a mark of *L*. Shall I explain to you what these marks mean? Oh, that’s easy to do. Those who received a *C* looked like that letter—all bent over at their desks. Those who received the mark of *L* sat straight in their seats. Do you see how we can change these letters into pupils?

“My third test is a little harder. I shall need to see how you stand. Most of you do very well. If any of you are related to the Crooked Man in Mother Goose, it is



certainly a very distant relationship. A few of you look like a letter *S*, but most of you look like the letter *I*. Can anyone tell me which letter gives the best posture? You can all change the *S* into *I* if you will just remember that *S* stands for snake—and snakes are pretty crooked, you

will admit. No one here wants to look like the crooked letter *S*. You may be seated now.

“My fourth test is a game. You can play it right in the classroom. We shall try it in a few minutes. I must explain the game first. The last pupil in each row is to take a book from his or her desk. Now stand up. Next, put the book on your head and take your hands down. You must balance it on your head while you walk—or run, if you can—around your row and back again to your seat. Then you hand the book to the pupil in front of you. He does what you have done, if he can, and perhaps he will do better. Do you all understand?

“Use your hands only if the book falls and you have to replace it. I expect that the boys and the girls who stand the best—you know what I mean, straight and tall—will win the race. Shall we play the game? Wasn’t that fun? We could have much more fun if we had a gymnasium with lots of space for play.

“When you get larger, many of you will go to a gymnasium for exercise. Your teacher will

show you how to make your muscles strong. In some gymnasiums there are large mirrors. Can you guess what they are used for? These great mirrors show the boys and girls how they stand. If a child has a hump on his back like a camel or a buffalo, the mirror tells him the truth. It isn't afraid, either. Then the one whose back is not straight practices standing erect so that he will look like—well, like an athlete, for example.

“Do you want to know how to tell whether you are standing straight or not, even if you have no mirror to look into? I learned the secret one day when the sun was shining brightly. I was watching a circus parade. The horses were stepping along with their heads high in the air. The men in the band were marching like soldiers. There was a trained bear that walked on his hind legs. He was trying to keep



time with the music. And there was a clown who had the funniest face you ever saw.

“He had a great hump on his back, and that was where he wore his clown hat. Can you imagine wearing your hat on your back? He had to because he was bent so far forward that his hat would have fallen off his head—that is, unless it were tied on with a string. Here is a picture of the clown.



“But the secret! I must tell you before I get to talking about the other interesting things in that parade. This is the secret: *Watch your shadow*. A straight telegraph pole casts a straight shadow, doesn't it? Well, it is the same with you. When you stand straight, you will see a straight shadow—if the sun is shining. There is no use in trying this test to-day.

“But try it the first time the sun comes

out, and remember whenever you see your shadow to stand up straight and tall.

“There are many reasons why young people should stand straight. I am sure that you could tell me a number of very good reasons if I should ask for them. But I feel that I must hurry along with this story. Perhaps the best reason for standing straight is that you want people to know what kind of boy or girl you are. Honest boys and girls stand straight and look straight. They don’t need signs on them saying, “I am honest.”

“You will find more dishonest people among those who walk with their heads down and their backs bent over as in shame or fear of looking into the eyes of another. The thief and the lazy beggar often walk the way a boy does who is ashamed of himself. When you get older you may find that your back will bend like Grandpa’s, and then it will be all right.

“But you who have no burdens to carry and whose muscles are strong ought to stand straight. It looks better, it feels better, and it *is* better. Besides, it’s the best way to make yourself tall.”

"I have noticed that people always stretch upward when they want to rest their tired muscles," remarked Miss Williams. "That seems to me a pretty good sign that there is more comfort in good posture than in any other position, and I have found that I feel more ready for work after taking a good position," she added. Miss Williams was not only a very good teacher but a first-rate athlete.

"Quite right. Posture is very important. Let me print the word right here on the board where you will see it all the rest of the week. P O S T R E—there it is," said Mr. Playfair as he printed the letters in large type so that all could see them.

No sooner was Mr. Playfair through at the board than several hands were waving wildly and many faces carried happy smiles.

"What is the trouble, children?" asked Mr. Playfair, with a puzzled look on his face.

"That word isn't spelled right, Mr. Playfair," laughed Paul Brown. "Posture needs *U*."

"Why, so it does," exclaimed the genial physical training teacher, with a twinkle in his eye.

“And listen, Paul, I wonder whether it works the other way, too. Do ‘U’ need posture?”

The joke was on Paul and the rest of the class, for Mr. Playfair had misspelled the word *posture* on purpose. That afternoon when the class was dismissed, there was a rush to the playroom where all did their best in a good-natured way to get even with their play leader for catching them with the posture trick.

STAND STRAIGHT-LOOK STRAIGHT-BE STRAIGHT



The Color Camera

“Can it be possible that the colors of your class are to go down in defeat?” asked Mr. Playfair, physical director for School Number Ten and the speaker at the Friday afternoon story hour. The question sounded like a serious one, but the person asking it was far from serious. Mr. Playfair’s look of mock surprise gave place to enjoyment, for he was having much fun with the pupils in Miss Williams’ honor class, and at their expense.

“Let me try you once more,” urged Mr. Playfair. “Surely, you will guess the answer this time. Are you ready?”

“What is it that has but one eye and stands on three legs? It never sits down. Sometimes

it falls down, just as we do. And it eats plates. Think of it—one eye, three legs, no feet, and an appetite for plates. Did you ever hear of such a strange thing?"

And still the class looked puzzled.

"Really, children, it is much easier than it sounds. Let's draw a picture of the thing on the board. Here is the eye, and here are the three legs—very thin ones that look as if the object should have milk added to its diet," laughed Mr. Playfair, "and this is the mouth. An odd-looking thing, isn't it?"



"I never heard of a mouth having an eye before," replied Evelyn Barnes.

"Neither have I," agreed the afternoon speaker. "But this is the part that eats the plates, so I call it the mouth. Anyhow, I think that you all know the answer to my riddle.

“It’s a camera, isn’t it? The plates are necessary if you are to take pictures, unless you use a film. I have placed a cost tag on this camera. It is marked \$5.00—a fair price, I think.

“True, it’s only a make-believe camera, but it has a steady ‘eye’ that will look anyone right in the face. Honest people look you in the eye when you ask questions. But people who have done something of which they are ashamed usually hang their heads. Give me the boy or girl who has *brave* eyes as well as *clear* eyes.

“This camera reminds me of the days when I was a small boy. A number of children in my class had their picture taken in a group. One day I stuck a pin right through the picture of one of the boys whom I disliked.

“That was very wrong to do, and my father punished me for it. I didn’t get the kind of punishment that makes you cry with pain, for my father had often told me that he thought only very unruly animals should be whipped, and even then not cruelly; I wasn’t an animal, so he never whipped me. But he did punish me. His way was to keep me indoors when I wanted to

be outdoors playing with the boys and girls in the neighborhood, or to make me stay at home when the rest of the family went for a ride. Sometimes I was punished by getting no ice cream for dessert.

“Whatever kind of punishment you receive, if any,” went on Mr. Playfair, “remember that your parents are not trying to hurt you because they want to hear you cry. They are so strong that they could hurt you very much if they wanted to. But that’s not their purpose, for they love you. They are trying to teach you that some kind of punishment is almost certain to follow a wrong act just as pain follows a burn.

“Everyone has to obey. Parents have to obey the law or the police take them into court. Children have to obey their parents or they will be punished. Your animal pets have to obey you or they may receive no bones to gnaw or milk to drink. No one is free to do as he pleases; each one must consider others as well as himself. Do you understand?

“And now to return to our camera. Of course

there are better cameras in the world. Do you know anyone who owns a better camera than the one I have just been talking about?"

"I don't want to boast," spoke up Edwin Snow, whose father owned the best photograph studio for miles around, "but my father has a camera that cost one hundred dollars, and he says that he wouldn't sell it for twice that money."

"Yes, I know that camera," replied Mr. Playfair. "It has a fine lens and takes excellent pictures. But there are better cameras in this room right now. Can you believe it? You all own one—yes, two, cameras that are worth more than any camera that can be bought with money.

They take wonderful pictures in natural color. These wonderful cameras are your *eyes*.

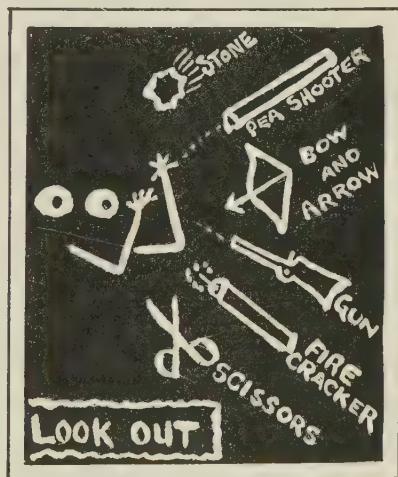
"Remember that these color cameras can't be



bought. If they are injured, your parents can't buy new ones for you, no matter how rich they may be. Sometimes a doctor can repair an injured 'camera,' but he can't give you a new one—that is, the kind with which you can see.

"Glasses help if your eyes are weak, but *glass eyes* won't help your sight a bit, although they may improve your looks.

"Here on the board are some of the things that you must guard against in the protection of your eyes. Eyes are often injured by sharp sticks, by stones, and some-



times by hard snowballs, by small pebbles from sling shots, by bullets from air rifles, by fire crackers and other fireworks, by scissors, by sharp arrows, and—oh, in lots of ways."

"Doctor Strong says that it is dangerous to rub the eyes with a dirty finger or a soiled

handkerchief or towel," added Delia Shepard as Mr. Playfair looked at his watch to see what time it was.

"That's right, Delia; it is dangerous to touch the eyes with anything that isn't clean. Dirt is an enemy of the eye. It is liable to harm any eye, unless we except Mr. Potato's eye. I guess that he doesn't care because his eyes are sightless. One of the harmful things about getting dirt into the eye is that germs and dirty fingers, soiled towels and handkerchiefs, and the like usually go together. They are pals. A cloth used in washing windows *ought* to be clean; but cloths used in washing the windows of the body *must* be clean.

"We should also remember that the eyes are weakened by reading in a poor light, and by overuse. You ought to think of the eyes as muscles. When a muscle gets tired, you rest it if you can. That is the way to use your eyes if you are wise.

"Can you read what this queer-looking fellow has on the poster he is holding up before you? What are *you* going to answer?"

"I should also like to ask you to try to make your eyes see even better than they do now. By that I mean that every pupil ought to *train* his eyes to see and know the common birds and flowers and trees, and to see the good in his playmates.



"Don't forget, even for a minute, to look after your wonderful color cameras. Use them but never *abuse* them. If you injure your eyes, you may be unable to see, no matter how bright the sun is shining. You need not fear the dark that comes at night, because nothing will harm you. But you ought to fear the darkness that comes with sightless eyes."

PROTECT YOUR SIGHT WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT



The Winged Sipper

Purr-r-r-r!

"Look, Miss Williams, there it is way over there high above those big trees," cried Mark Hopkins in great excitement as he pointed to a gray speck in the sky. Everyone seemed to have been looking, or at least listening, for the object Mark had just discovered. Sure enough, the long expected sky visitor had at last come into sight, and Miss Williams told the class that they might step to the windows and watch it.

"His motor is shut off," called Mr. Green, the janitor, who was out in the yard, putting up some basket ball goals. "It looks as if he were going to land. He must be in trouble." The hum of the motor could no longer be heard,

although the big plane seemed to grow larger and larger as it came nearer and nearer to the school. Down it sailed in a graceful curve, finally coming to earth with a bump, none too gentle, but still not hard enough to damage it.

"I am going to allow you to go out," said Miss Williams, "but you must be careful not to go too close to the machine, especially if you are told to keep away. Perhaps I ought to come with you," she added.

By this time quite a crowd had gathered in the field near the school. A man dressed in heavy clothing and wearing goggles crawled slowly out of the machine and stretched himself.

"It was too bad that I had to make a landing," he said sadly. "Except for a mishap to my motor, I had a fine chance to win the Gold Cup," the young army officer added, as he tried to take his defeat with a smile.

"Where can I find a telephone?" inquired the flier after he had made a hurried examination of his motor and found that he could not repair it in time to continue the race.

"You may use the telephone in the school-house," offered Miss Williams. "Come with me and I will show you where it is."

A few minutes later the school bell rang, calling the class back to work. There were many who wanted to examine the flying machine more carefully, but there was no time to ask for this, for Miss Williams was indoors talking with the pilot of the crippled racing plane.

"All right, Miss Williams, I think that one good turn deserves another," Captain Howe was heard saying as the class marched quietly in. "If you wish me to talk to your class for a few minutes, I shall be glad to do so." And so it happened that the pupils of School Number Ten were given a chance to hear one of the country's famous World-War pilots.

Captain Howe told many interesting tales of the air. His stories took the class so high in the clouds that some of the girls felt almost dizzy. And the battles he told of seemed so real that shivers ran up and down many a spine during that exciting hour.

"There is one other story that I want to tell

you,” continued the Captain, who seemed to enjoy his visit as much as the class, “and that is about a *winged sipper*, one of the dangers of the air. In some ways, it is as dangerous as an enemy fighting plane.

“First, I want to draw a picture for you. I wish that I could fill it up with your favorite flavor,” said the speaker as he drew a picture of a soda glass. “Who can tell me what this thing is that sticks out of the glass?”



“That’s a soda straw,” spoke up Ray Torrey. “I know a place where they give you two straws with one soda.”

“Yes. The other name for it is *sipper*. It gets its name from the way children sip their soda. It is certainly much more fun to drink soda through a sipper.

“There is another use for the sipper. Perhaps

you know that too. This picture will show you what I mean. It is much cleaner to take milk



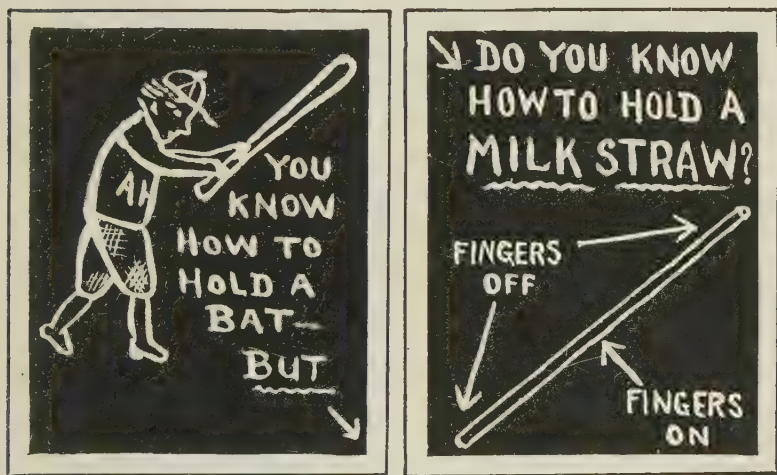
through a sipper than to drink out of the bottle, isn't it? The edge of the bottle may be dirty. But the sippers are clean, if you know how to hold them near the middle—not at the end.

“Many schools serve sippers with half pint bottles of milk at recess, and children save their pennies to buy it. Milk is fine for children, and for grown people, too. Out there in my plane is a large thermos bottle full of cold milk. Do you suppose I have a large bottle of soda pop out there, too? No. I like soda sometimes, but I like milk all the time.”

“That’s what our teacher tells us,” spoke up Alice Sherman. “The large chart over there with a milk bottle on it tells how much milk we

drink. We drove the coffee pot out of the room long ago. Perhaps you noticed him on the door as you came in. He looks very sad, but we all feel very glad.”

“You don’t know how happy I am to hear



that you have driven Old King Coffee Pot out of the room. Now if I can get you to fight the *winged sipper*, drive him out of your homes, and have none but the waxed sippers around, I shall be glad that an accident to my plane forced me to land in your school yard. For I

want you to know I am a medical officer in the air service."

Captain Howe stepped a little closer to the class. As he did so, he looked all around as if he feared that the *winged sipper*, whatever it was, might be hiding somewhere in the room and hear the Captain's plans for fighting him. Every one was listening. At last the Captain spoke.

"The *winged sipper* doesn't come done up in wax paper like those we have been talking about. You can see him almost any summer night. The swamps are full of these enemies. Their sippers never wear out. They can be used over and over again. They are never washed, either. Think of that. I am sure that they get very dirty. Have you any idea what I mean? Will it surprise you to learn that mosquitoes are the winged sippers I want you to fight?

"The mosquito's sipper is the sharp thing on the front of its face. And the mosquito uses his sipper to sip your blood. When this nasty fellow wants a nice warm drink of blood, he just stabs you in the skin somewhere and takes

a drink. Perhaps mosquitoes have been told by someone that you run a soda fountain for their special use. This is a picture of a wicked old fellow who has entered through the open window and is about to take a drink of his favorite flavor — ‘Blood Orange,’ I call it.”

“That’s the way I got malaria last summer,” commented Ray Ford, who had been away on a camping trip. “But

my doctor says that the ordinary mosquito doesn’t give you malaria. They are a pest, but not a danger,” he added.

“What are you going to do about the *winged sipper*, children? Would the druggist let you steal his soda? No. He would either drive you away, or have you arrested. That’s what you ought to do to the mosquito. They expect you to drive them away, and they watch carefully



with their bright eyes as they fill up on your blood. When a mosquito sees your hand coming, he makes a quick dodge and flies away to some other human soda fountain. And he uses the same sipper. That's why some people get chills and fever. The mosquito's dirty sipper may be full of the malaria germs of some sick person.

"I think that we ought to do something about



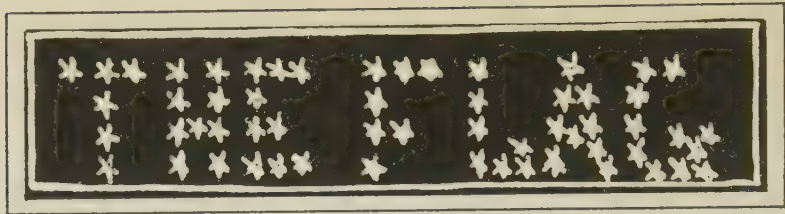
this robber who escapes through the air at the first sign of danger. We can't very well close the 'soda fountains.' Of course we can stay indoors at night, and use screens to keep him out. And if he gets into the house, we can use netting over the bed at

night. The baby can be protected by netting when he is taking an airing. But we ought to do more than all this. The big thing to do is to drive the enemy away.

“You can’t do much just now except to close the screen doors promptly. When you get older you can help your parents fight the winged sipper by seeing to it that there are no stagnant pools near your home. Sometimes an uncovered rain barrel will make a nest for thousands of mosquitoes. No one person can win the fight against this enemy. It requires the combined efforts of all. It costs money, too. But it is worth the effort, especially if you live in a place where malaria is common.

“I hope that none of you ever has to fight battles high up in the air the way we did during the War,” said the Captain as he looked at the healthy faces of his listeners and thought how precious their lives were. “But remember that every one of you has to fight against disease enemies such as the *winged sipper*. I am sure that it is never going to be said that there is a coward or slacker in Miss Williams’ class.”

**SCREENS ARE BETTER THAN SCREAMS
IN KEEPING MOSQUITOES AWAY**



The Flag

“Isn’t that a mean shame?”

Not one, but a hundred voices were raised in anger when it was learned that some one had



cut the ropes on the new flagpole. How was it ever going to be possible for School Number Ten to celebrate Flag Day that afternoon? It was very evident from the stern looks on the faces of the pupils that things would have gone hard with the culprit if they

could have placed their hands on him at that moment.

“I think that I can fix the rope for you,” said a quiet-voiced young man to Miss Williams,

who had charge of the Flag Day exercises. The speaker was Frank Gordon, who had seen service in Uncle Sam's army, and who was the proud owner of an honor medal, although but few knew about it because of his modesty.

"It is much too dangerous for you to climb the flagpole," said Miss Williams. "We cannot think of allowing you to risk your life, much as we should like to be able to fly the new flag at the exercises this afternoon."

Miss Williams' decision seemed to close the matter, and soon the bell was ringing for school to begin. The school yard was quickly deserted. A little later, however, one might have seen a slender youth with his coat off and a rope tied around his waist, making his way across the roof of the schoolhouse to the point where the new flagpole raised its golden top high into the air. Slowly but steadily the daring youth climbed the swaying pole, which threatened at any moment to break away from its iron supports on the roof and topple to the ground.

Frank Gordon was using his strength to make

it possible for Old Glory to unfurl that afternoon to the breezes and receive the hurrahs of the people who would gather to honor it. Too late to stop Gordon from taking further risk, the teachers and pupils, out for recess, spied him as he neared the top of the flagpole. With hushed voices they watched him finally reach the top, put the rope through the pulley, grasp the loose end, and slide slowly down to safety.

That afternoon the flag-raising exercises were held as planned. Everyone wanted to have Gordon made the guest of honor, but he said that Old Glory was the real guest of honor—and so it was.

The next day was Friday. That meant that someone was to be invited to talk to the pupils in Miss Williams' room at the regular Friday afternoon story hour. The class was allowed to suggest the speaker, and all voted for Gordon. Would he come?

Gordon belonged to a family that never failed to do its duty. Besides, he had served in the United States Army where soldiers learn what it means to obey. And so Gordon came. He

talked about the flag and what it means, in a way that interested everybody.

“How many of you own a flag?” inquired Gordon, taking from his pocket a small silk American flag which he told the class he had carried with him all through the war.

The words were barely spoken when there was a flutter of waving arms. The pupils were so proud to show that they owned flags that some of the children raised both arms, while others stood up to make sure that they were counted with the other owners of an American flag.

“Why, Miss Williams,” said Mr. Gordon, turning to the teacher of the honor class of School Number Ten, “I had no idea that there were so many soldiers in your class. I suppose that the girls are Red Cross nurses.” The speaker’s eyes seemed to grow a bit misty as he added, “I am sorry that there are not more nurses. It is so much better to save life than to take it.”

But only for a second did Gordon show that his thoughts were elsewhere, perhaps on the battlefield in the midst of suffering and death



where he had seen service with a Red Cross Unit.

In a moment he was smiling again and saying, "I hope that every one of you knows how to salute your country's flag and how to pledge allegiance to your flag and country. You

should remove your hat and stand quietly when the flag is carried past you in a parade, especially if it is at staff. By that I mean if the flag is carried on a pole."

"Last Armistice Day a soldier visited school and talked to us," spoke up Harry Welland, "and he told us to be proud of our flag and to give the flag reason to be proud of us. We all promised to respect our flag and to respect our bodies."



"That's fine. I am glad to hear it," went on Gordon. "Let us try to think of some things you can do to make the Red, White, and Blue proud of you. You can't fight big soldiers very well. And your flag doesn't want you to fight little soldiers. But you can find an enemy if you really want to show how useful you are to your country. The enemy is called Disease. Unless you win your battles against this enemy, you may never be strong enough to carry a flag in time of need."

"You will be glad to hear that every one of these pupils is enlisted in a battle against the things that rob children of their health and strength," said Miss Williams. "Last week the children in this class earned enough money with a health play they gave, to send a poor child away to a health camp this summer so that he can have the things the doctor says are needed in order to give him back his health and strength. By this one deed they have probably saved the life of one of their playmates."

"This is very interesting, children—I mean, Soldiers," laughed the speaker. "I am happy

that you invited me here this afternoon. Somehow, I feel that we are all interested in about the same things, better health and strength for us and for others. Isn't that so?

"There are some more things that I want to tell you about your flag. Every time you look at your flag you see its red stripes. The red ought to make you think of the hot red blood that has been shed for the honor of the flag.

"The red stripes ought to make you think of your own blood also. Red blood is a sign of good health and strength. If you want to be a boy or a girl that the flag of health is proud of, you must have the right kind of blood. You can get red blood by eating the foods that your parents set before you. Fresh air helps to make the blood red. Let me color some of these stripes in the picture with red chalk.

"When you see Old Glory waving in the breeze on top of the schoolhouse flagpole, or in the park, or perhaps in a parade, think what the red stripes mean to you and to every school child in this country. These red stripes are saying to you, 'If you are going to be a real sol-

dier some day, you must be a health soldier now.' That is another way of saying that you must be a *red-blooded* boy or girl.

"And you *can* be an American health soldier—don't forget that. All you have to do is to make up your mind that you are going to be one," said the speaker, who turned to print on the board in large letters the word AMERICAN. "Look at this word closely, especially the *last four letters*. It says, 'I CAN!' Think of that when you are called upon to do something for your country.

"Not all the stripes are red," continued Gordon. "Some are white. The white stripes in the flag of health stand for cleanliness. Clean hands at the proper time, clean handkerchiefs, clean mouths, and clean bodies. Hospitals are white on the inside. The dentist's uniform is white. You cannot join the health army unless you have clean habits. I must not forget to make the rest of these stripes white.

"I wish that someone could tell me what color I ought to put into this square here in the corner. That's right—it ought to be blue.

“When I see the blue in Old Glory it makes me think about the blue sky. I wish that every schoolroom might have the blue sky for its roof on pleasant days. You would then have plenty of fresh air. Soldiers sleep in tents and they get a great deal of fresh air. You ought to open the window in your bedroom so that you can get fresh air at night just as soldiers do. If you are afraid of fresh air you will make poor soldiers. Have you any blue chalk, Miss Williams? Thank you. Now I can give this health flag the right color. If you young people get enough fresh air you will have the right color also.

“Our flag needs some stars. Each state has a star in the American flag. I am going to put one star in our health flag for each boy and girl present. I wish that each one of you would stand and salute as I put your star in place.

“I believe that I will start with this little soldier right here in front,” said the speaker, and so it happened that George Gray, a cripple, received the first honor. This pleased all, for George Gray was one of the best liked boys in

the class. The year before he had been injured while saving a small child from a speeding automobile. George was unable to take an active part in the playground games, but no one ever heard him complain.

"I hope that your flag will be proud of you when you parade," continued Frank Gordon after all had saluted.

"I imagine that I can hear the flags you have at home saying to each other, 'The boy—or the girl—who carries me in a parade must be strong and clean and red-blooded, or I shall curl myself around the flag pole and refuse to wave. Any boy or girl can cheer. But it takes one with the true soldier spirit to fight bravely for his health and the health of his playmates. See that boy marching along with the strong arms and the straight back? And do you see that boy who is crippled but who has so much pluck that he is bound to



march with a flag, even if he has to drop out later on? They are the kind of soldiers whom I want to carry me in a parade. They are going to be heroes, either in peace or in war.'

"The next time you carry a flag," said Frank Gordon, pointing his finger quickly at all in the class and looking sharply as if searching for someone who would not look him straight in the eye, but finding none, "ask yourself whether the flag is as proud of you as you are of it.

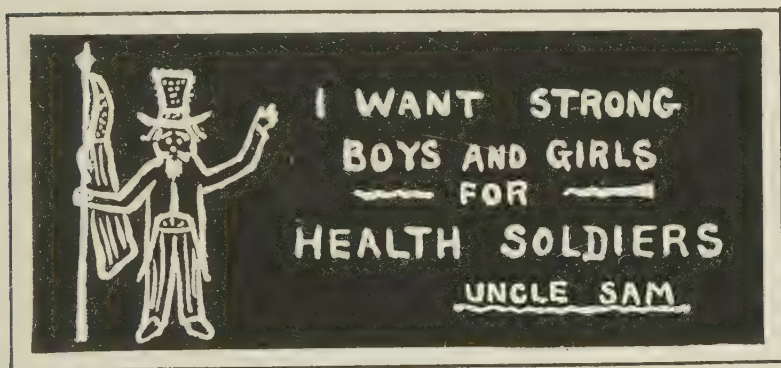
"Your flag will be proud of you if you obey your general. In school, your general is the teacher. At home, your general is your father or your mother. If you are sick, the doctor is your general. If you are crossing the street and the policeman on duty there signals for you to go back, he is your general for the moment. Soldiers must obey. I have to obey. Your parents have to obey. We all have to obey the laws of the land and the laws of health. Do you understand?"

"Thank you very much for the talk, Mr. Gordon," said Miss Williams. "The children enjoyed it heartily and I know that they have

learned a little better how to see in their flag lessons in honor, health, service, and loyalty."

"Come again, Mr. Gordon, and inspect your new army of health soldiers some day," shouted the class as Mr. Gordon was leaving.

"Thank you, I will," replied the young man. He gave the class a military salute, and was gone.





Defending the Fort

"Don't you ever read the paper?" scornfully asked Lee Mahan of Fat Dexter. "The evening paper told all about it. His picture was right there on the front page; and there was an account in big type—and everything," informed the young admirer of Mr. Playfair.

The pupils in Miss Williams' class were talking about the brave rescue of Mary Anderson from a tramp dog that was about to tear her to pieces. At the risk of his life, Mr. Playfair had attacked the fierce animal and choked it until it released its hold on its victim. But Mr. Playfair's act was not so easy as it might look, for he was badly bitten on the hand while securing a strangle hold on the beast.

“What do you say, fellows? Let’s give Mr. Playfair three lusty cheers when he comes into the room to give a lesson to-day,” said Lee Mahan as he eagerly looked about him to see how his idea was received. And so it was agreed that their idol should be given three long cheers the very moment he entered the room.

How loudly they cheered! They forgot all about the plan to give *three* cheers, and remembered only that they wanted to cheer. Finally their hero was forced to poke his fingers playfully into his ears and make a rush for the door as if to find safety in flight.

“I don’t believe that we can have our regular lesson this morning,” said Mr. Playfair as he signaled for silence with his injured left hand, forgetting for the moment that it was still paining him greatly. “So I am going to tell you a story that I hope you will like.

“This story is about some boys and girls who went out to play in the snow one recess. You can imagine what fun they had. They threw snow at each other and then they made a snow man and threw snowballs at him. After

they had pelted the poor snow man so hard that he fell all to pieces, they built a snow fort out of large snowballs. Some of the boys and girls got inside and played that they were defending the fort. The others played that they were the enemy and tried to get into the fort and capture the defenders.

“I know something about the hard fight these boys and girls had because I was one of the boys. A large fellow was trying to rub a small boy’s face in the snow when the bell rang. Most of the boys and girls were sorry that the recess was over, but I was glad. You see, I was the small boy whose face was being rubbed. Our teacher told us that it was a fine game we had been playing, but that it was not right for a big boy to fight with a small boy. The brave soldier is the one who fights against one of his own size and age.

“How would you like to make believe that you are playing in the snow? I think it would be fine sport. May we, Miss Williams?

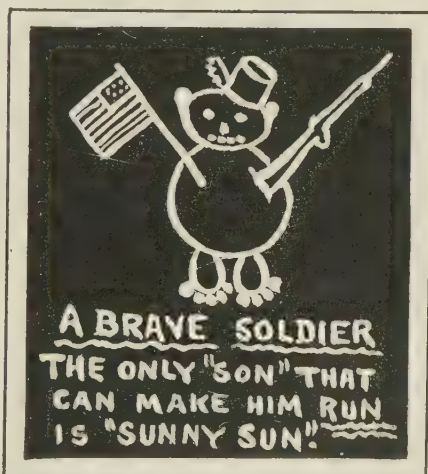
“All right, boys and girls. Place your heads on your arms and pretend that you are sleep-

ing. After a while you are to wake up and find that it has been snowing hard and the ground is covered with deep snow. Now it is time to wake up. You must rub your eyes to get them wide open and you must stretch this way and that to get your muscles ready for hard play.

“Now turn in your seats and put on your rubber boots. Pull hard. Stand up and put on your coat and cap.

Don't forget your mittens. Are you all ready?

“Step into the aisle—that is outdoors, you know. Pick up some snow and throw it at your playmates. Again. And again. Good! Enough.



“Now let us make a snow man. Each one roll a large snowball. Put it on your desk. Now roll another ball for the head. And you must make some arms for your snow man.

“Shall we throw snowballs at him? I know a better thing to do. Let me draw a big snow man on the board and then you can throw balls at him. I will stand near and erase a leg or an arm or even the poor snow man’s head if you succeed in hitting him hard. Are you ready? Then begin.”

What fun it was! And the snow man seemed to enjoy it as much as the pupils. Mr. Playfair had given him a great, big, brave smile, and in some magical way the snow man seemed to be winking his eye each time one of the pupils missed him. Arms and feet disappeared in short order. Then Mr. Playfair erased an ear. At last there was nothing left of Mr. Snowman but his smile. What a brave fellow he was!

“Now I think we ought to make a snow fort. Suppose you people clap your hands to make them warm. Clap hard, and then sit down by the stove—your desk—while I tell you how to make a snow fort. First, we shall want a large snowball for each pupil. Let me count your heads so that I can put a snowball for each one

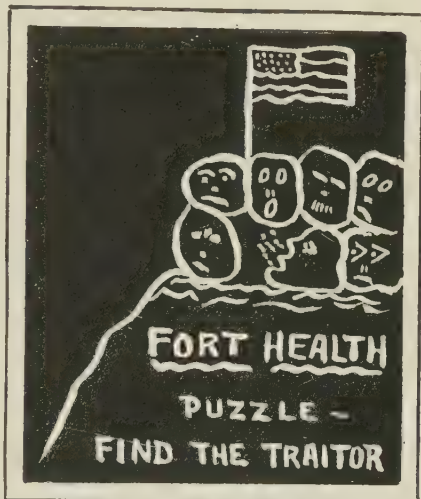
in this snow fort. This large snowball is for Mary Lande, so I will mark it *M. L.* to show that it belongs to Mary. And this one is for the boy who sits here in front," said Mr. Playfair, pointing to a new boy.

"That's Robert Marshall and he can do lots of gymnastic stunts, Mr. Playfair," spoke up Elmer Shepard, who had made a friend of the new boy the first day he came to school.

"Good for you, Robert," exclaimed Mr. Playfair, "here is *R. M.* and that means you." And so on through the class he went until everyone present was given a place in the fort.

"Why is this seat vacant?" he asked, pointing to the only vacant seat in the room.

"The boy who sits there is sick with a sore throat," explained Miss Williams. "He may



have forgotten and put his fingers in his mouth. But I can hardly think that. His habits were usually like the habits of the rest of my pupils," continued Miss Williams, who was proud of the splendid health record of her class.

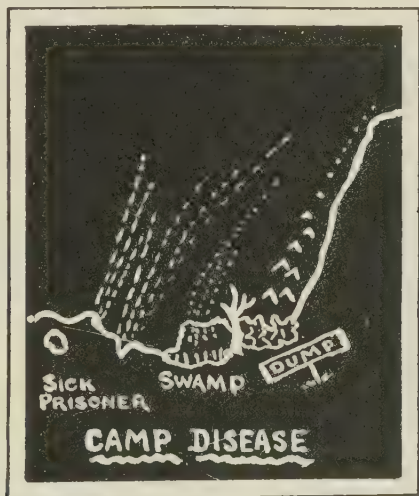
"How sorry I am! We shall have to leave a large hole here in the fort. When he comes back to school, he can fill the space up. It is too bad that the wall of the fort has to have such holes in it. The enemy can shoot you so much easier. Of course these little openings between the snowballs allow you to watch the enemy.

"We need a flag now so that we can show the enemy that we are ready for his attack. Have you any suggestions to make about your flag? I think that we ought to put up the American flag. That is the flag that our big brothers and our fathers fought for, and some of our sisters, too. We ought to have it waving over our fort. So long as it stays up, the enemy knows that we will not surrender.

"There is one other thing that I ought to show here; this fort is on a hill. You can watch the enemy much better when you are high up.

“But all this time I have been telling you about your fort. I am sure that you will want to know who the enemy is, and how he fights. Isn’t that right? You will be surprised when I tell you who the foe is that is going to attack you. The enemy is Disease.

“Disease has a fort, too, but it is of a different kind. Your enemy fights from down here in the valley. This is his fort. Do you see his cannon?



They are really made of the noses and mouths of sick children. The shots are small drops of water that are fired at your fort each time the enemy coughs or sneezes.

“This is a garbage dump where disease-carrying flies gather and play until the enemy is ready to send them swarming around your fort. They will try to walk on your food and make you

sick. This is a small mud pond where the enemy grows mosquitoes. They will be trained like animals in the circus and sent out to bite you and give you the fever. I hope that you are not afraid to fight this enemy. If you obey the orders that your officers give you, you can win your fight. But if you forget to do what you are taught, the enemy may break through into your fort and spread disease.

“Now let me show you the pictures of some of the officers in your army. When the enemy learns that you and your fellow soldiers are coming, I think that they will run or fly. Let me advise you to wear your armor and gas masks.

“The best health gas mask is a clean handkerchief which you hold before your nose and mouth when you sneeze or cough. Sometimes, if you are quick, it protects you from others who are too careless to guard their disease cannon—their noses and mouths, you know.

“The armor that protects you from disease is not really a coat that you put on, or a shield that you carry. It won't stop bullets or knife thrusts. Your health armor is made of *good*

habits such as clean hands before you eat, fresh air—especially at night—clean food, nine hours of sleep, and a regular habit of going to the bathroom or to the toilet at school.

“This is your general,” explained Mr. Playfair. “His name is General Keepwell. General Keepwell carries all his war plans right in his head. See—it looks like a book. I guess it is a book on Health. He doesn’t forget what to do when the enemy gives battle. This head of General Keepwell contains a great deal about the value of fresh air, milk, plenty of sleep, happy play, clean drinking water, and the like. This general wins most of his battles against Disease if his soldiers do what he commands.

“The next in line is the color bearer. He is carrying the flag of health. The soldier who carries the flag of health into battle must indeed be a brave soldier. I wonder if any of you are brave enough to carry the flag for this class. Let me see your hands. What a fine showing. But I want to see if they are clean enough to carry the flag of Health. We don’t want any dirty spots on it, do we?

"Sergeant Soap is here, too! He is a wonderful fighter when he has plenty of water to work with. Many a germ has taken the slippery slide right off some boy's fingers when Sergeant Soap and Corporal Water entered the battle.



"This soldier with the medicine bag head is the army doctor. He has many things to do to keep the soldiers in good health.

Just now he is on his way to the enemy's camp where they are keeping a small boy captive. The enemy gave Measles to a small boy who was putting his fingers in his mouth. Then the enemy pointed the sick boy's mouth and nose straight at your fort on the hill, tickled his nose, and made him sneeze millions of germs right at you.

"The doctor is going to rescue the boy.

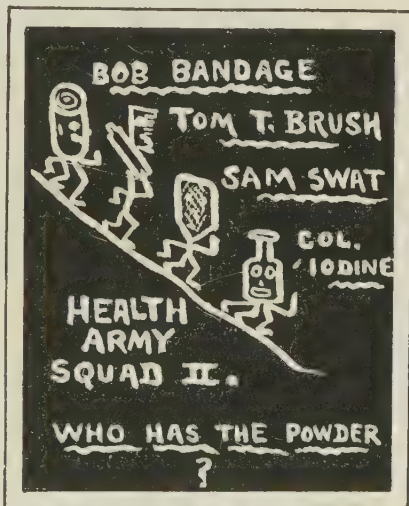
He has a bag full of medicine and he will try to cure the prisoner and bring him back into your army. The doctor also sees that every soldier has been vaccinated against smallpox.

"This soldier is a war hero. His name is Colonel Iodine. The germs are very much afraid of him. They fear him the way they fear boiling water. He can kill germs when they get into a cut. Have you ever seen Colonel Iodine?"

"Do any of you know this odd-looking soldier? His name is Sam Swat. He is 'death on flies.'"

"The next soldier is well known. His name is Tom Toothbrush. He has saved many children from toothache. He does his work well if you will only help him. Who can tell us how to give Tom Toothbrush the help that he needs?"

"The last fellow in line is Bob Bandage. His



middle initial is C. It stands for 'Cleanliness,' and I hope you do, too. No bandage is worth much unless it is clean.

"Don't you think this is a strong army? The germs of disease do. They are so frightened that they are jumping off the edge of the



Hill of Health. Haven't these bad fellows crooked backs? Don't you think they are cowards? They must be afraid of these brave soldiers in your army.

"Some day after I have watched how you fight your disease enemies I am going to pin badges on your chests to show which of you are

generals in the Health Army. Are you going to be ready when I come?"

Every hand went up, and clean hands they were, too.

"And has each one a 'Sneeze-o-chief' with him?" asked Mr. Playfair, knowing well that no one knew what he meant. "A sneeze-o-chief is a handkerchief, my friends, and it is a first-rate germ-proof shield when you go into battle with Disease."

There was a rapid search of pockets, and a moment later the air was full of fluttering white health flags. Not in surrender to Disease, but as a sign of preparedness for the enemy.



"That's fine, soldiers; I am proud of the way in which you have all passed inspection," said Mr. Playfair with much enthusiasm in his voice.

"Don't forget, soldiers," called back Mr. Play-

fair as he was leaving, "that no *fort* can be held without *effort*. A lazy soldier isn't worth much."

"Break ranks; class is dismissed," added Miss Williams, who was always ready to enter into the spirit of the occasion. A moment later a small army of happy boys and girls was filing out of school for a two-day holiday from lessons, but in no sense was it to be a holiday from health duties. Mr. Playfair's talk had made that quite clear.





The B. and M. Express

"It was a very narrow escape," said Mr. Carter, conductor of the Mountain Express. "If the engineer had not risked his life to stop the heavy train right on the bank of the river, my little girl would be crying her eyes out for her daddy. I shall never forget the horror of it all, Miss Williams."

"How did it happen that the bridge fell into the river?" inquired Miss Williams.

"No one knows. The wrecking crew reported that the wreck was probably due to the work of high water. You remember what a terrible storm we had that night, and how much damage it did in the village."

Mr. Carter had called to make final plans for

an excursion which Miss Williams' class was to take on the following Saturday. Having finished his business, he started for the door, which one of the boys politely opened for him as an act of courtesy which was extended to all visitors, no matter what their business in school might be.

"This is the kind of courtesy that we like to see in our trainmen," remarked Mr. Carter as he gently placed his big hand on the boy's head and grasped his hand warmly. And then the conductor paused a moment, taking out his gold watch that never missed a single second, and suddenly turned to the teacher, saying, "Do you suppose these children would care to hear something about the train business?"

Whatever Miss Williams said in reply to Mr. Carter was lost in the hubbub that followed. It was orderly—of course—but it was noisy too. Hands were waved in the air and clapped, books were put away, and tired bodies found new life in the chance to stop work and listen to a story. All this could mean but one thing, and that was that the class wanted to hear from

the man who knew more about express trains than anyone else for miles around.

“How would you young people like to take a ride with me to-day? I am glad to see that you like the thought of taking a ride. Every well boy and girl enjoys riding. And I can see that it doesn’t make much difference to you whether we are to ride in an auto, or behind a fast horse, or in a train—or even in an airplane. I wonder if you would dare to ride in an airplane.

“Perhaps you might, but I know that your parents would object to letting you show your bravery in that way. You must always remember to ask your parents for leave to go for a ride or a walk before you accept such an invitation. Some children have forgotten to do this and never returned home again. So be sure to tell your parents when you go for a ride or a walk with anyone.

“You may be sure, however, that the ride that I am suggesting to-day is quite safe. But I don’t want you to take my word for it; you must ask your parents. For that is the only safe way for children to do. Don’t listen to the

tempting promises people may make to you—don't even listen to my promise, but say a firm 'No, thank you.' Then, later on, if your parents are willing to trust your safety to me, we can take our ride. Will that be all right?

"So we are not going to take our ride to-day," said Mr. Carter. "It must wait until you secure permission. But I can tell you about it," he continued. "That will be just as much fun. And none of you can get into trouble by simply listening to my story and watching me draw pictures on the blackboard.

"The ride that I want to tell you about has something to do with a track. You can easily guess that it must be a train, because trains are about the only things that run on tracks. Of course, once in a while a foolish boy runs on a railroad track—or perhaps he walks on one rail as he tries to keep his balance—but you ought to remember that a railroad track is no place for running races or doing circus stunts.

"Running is fine exercise, and so is walking, but railroad tracks are built for *trains to run on*, never for *children to run on*.

"Here is a picture of a foolish boy running on a railroad track. See him jumping from one tie to the next? He is taking great, big steps, like this," said Mr. Carter, suiting the action to his words and taking a funny position with head thrown back so that nothing in front could be seen.

The class laughed heartily as the speaker played this part, for there wasn't

a child who did not realize how foolish it is to pick out a railroad track for a place to exercise.

"Over behind a hill," continued Mr. Carter as soon as he was able to catch his breath, "is a fast express train running to meet the boy. You can't see the train, but you *may* see the smoke. I hope the boy hears the whistle.

"Do you know what it means? It says, 'Get out of the way. I don't want to hurt you, but



I can't stop and I can't turn to one side to let you pass. The head on this old engine is much harder than your head—so hurry up and JUMP!



JUMP!' That's what the toot, toot means. It's *Jump, Jump* in the engine's language.

"The boy in the picture is not the only foolish boy I know. He has a twin brother who is just as careless. He likes to play around

trains. Sometimes he crawls right under the cars. Not when they are moving, of course, but they may start before he can get out. You can imagine what would happen to him.

"This is his picture before he crawls under the train. And this is a picture of him after he comes out on the other side. He has left something behind. What is it? His leg—sure enough. And yet he has three legs to stand

upon now—one good leg, and two crutches. He will never be able to run on a railroad track again, nor any other kind of track, especially a running track. So I think you ought to say to yourself each time you feel tempted to run on a



railroad track, 'Railroad tracks are made for trains to run on, not for children.' "

"My brother Ed won a gold medal last week for being the fastest runner in college," exclaimed Fred Briggs, who looked upon his big brother as a hero; and indeed he was, for hadn't

he saved a small boy from drowning at the Fourth of July Water Carnival?

"Yes, my lad, I know all about your big brother Ed. He and some other college boys rode on my train last winter, and I never heard so much singing and laughing in all my life. The passengers and I enjoyed hearing them as much as they enjoyed celebrating their basketball victory.

"But I must tell you about the train ride I want you to take with me—that is, after your parents give their permission. This train that I want to tell you about is the safest train in the world. It never runs into anything—except its station. And it never runs over anything—except its track, and perhaps a few million of germs that get in the way and try to wreck it.

"There is plenty of room on this train, no matter how many people want to ride. Some like the train so well that they never leave it, getting aboard when children, and remaining until their hair is gray with age and their backs bent with the weight of years."

"A ticket for that train must cost a lot of

money, Mr. Carter," spoke up one of the class; "and I should think that it would take a ticket as long as a baseball field," laughed another.

"And I should think that the engineer's folks would get lonesome for him," exclaimed Alice Reed, whose father was engineer on the Cannon Ball Express.

"I am not surprised that you are finding it hard to imagine such a train as I am telling you about," replied Mr. Carter, who was enjoying the remarks of his young friends very much.

"And what do you think of this—no one ever has car sickness. Quite the contrary—some travelers on this train come aboard when they are so sick and weak that their friends have to lift them, and after a few days or weeks they are as well and strong as ever. There are many odd things about this train. You can't buy a ticket for all the money in the world. A special ticket is necessary. I'll tell you all about that in a minute.

"Will you believe me when I tell you that there is a station for this train right here in this classroom? It may be surprising to you to

learn that the train is waiting here, now. Of course it isn't like the other trains that you know about. Most trains are drawn by steam. This train isn't—it is drawn by *chalk*. Let me show you what I mean. You will have to listen carefully so that you can tell your parents about it when you ask their permission to take a ride with me on this train.

“First, you ought to know the name of the train. Every train has a name or a number. I remember when I was a boy riding one morning on the ‘Tin Pail Express.’ It was given this name because the people who rode on it carried tin dinner pails. They left for work early in the morning and did not return home until late in the evening.

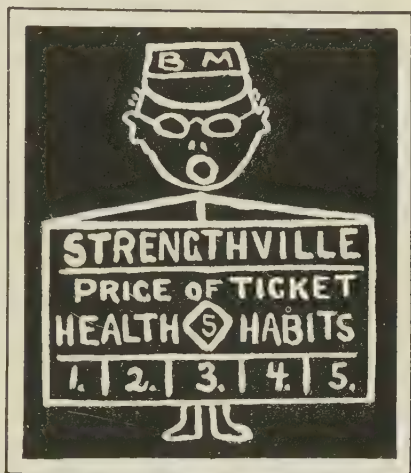
“The train in this story has a name, too. It is called the *B. and M. Express*. Have you any idea what *B. and M.* mean? Perhaps you think they mean ‘Bread’ and ‘Milk.’ Do you? That wouldn't be a bad name for a train, would it? Some trains carry great cans of milk to the city. But the *B. and M.* on this train stand for *Brain and Muscle*.

“Now let me tell you how to get your tickets. Money is of no use. Seats on the B. and M. Express cost five *health habits*. Did you ever hear of seats being sold in such a way? I confess that I never did.

“It looks like an easy way to get a ride on the train; but it isn’t. Many children are too lazy, or too careless, to practice the five health habits needed for buying a seat on the B. and M. Express.

“Shall I tell you what the five habits are? You must keep clean, exercise your muscles, chew your food, be cheerful, and sleep like Old Rip Van Winkle, only not so long. The best way to do is to sleep because you have played hard, and not merely because you are lazy in the morning. Do you see the difference?

“Here is a picture of the B. and M. ticket



and the queerest-looking ticket agent you ever saw," said Conductor Carter. "Here are five spaces for habits. Your ticket is no good unless these places are punched.

"Now, then," continued Mr. Carter, "I want you to tell your parents about this health train the first chance you get—perhaps to-night—and see if they can't tell you some of the villages and towns the train passes through. I'll give you a hint as to what I mean. One of the stations is called Fresh-air-ville. When you arrive there, I advise you to go out on the platform and take as many deep breaths as possible. The air is wonderful. The mails would be swamped if souvenir postal cards could carry it back home in some magic manner.

"And there is a long dark tunnel through the mountains. It is called Ill-health Village. Plants don't grow there. Some people try to live there, but their children rarely grow up to be well and strong. It takes sunshine to make the human plant grow. And you are human plants; don't forget that.

"One day a train was wrecked in this tunnel.

It was so dark that everyone held on to someone else for fear of being lost. One of the passengers had once lived in this sunless village in the heart of a mountain, and he led the passengers out into the open. Shall I show you how he saved them?

"All right, children. Suppose we all stand. Children in this aisle face the front of the room, those in this second aisle face the rear of the room, and so on. Put your right hand forward, and your left hand backward. Now grasp each other's hands. Shut your eyes—just to make believe that it is dark like a tunnel—and I will lead you safely out of it. Be careful as you walk along, hold on tight, and all will be well," explained Mr. Carter as he led the class around the room and back to the seats again. "Here we are safely in the sunlight again. Let us look up and fill our lungs with fresh air. Now don't you feel refreshed? I do.

"Be sure to tell your postman to send all your letters to Strengthville. For that's where we are all going to live, isn't it, my friends? And don't forget to find out from your parents

all about the stations along the way. If you need any help, Miss Williams can tell you all you want to know.



"Anyone can tell from just one glance that Miss Williams lives in Strengthville. Isn't that so, children?" asked Mr. Carter.

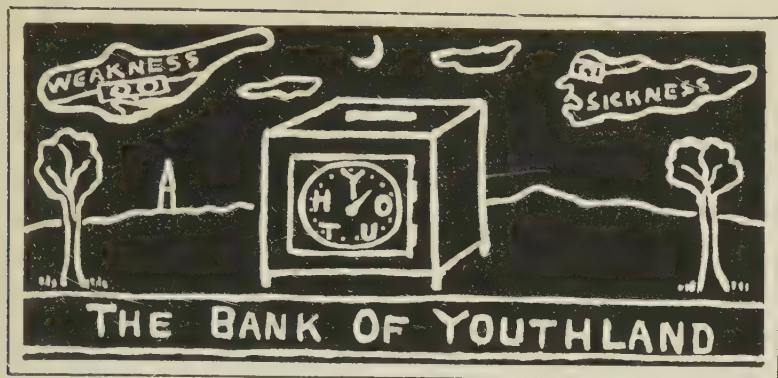
Miss Williams' rosy cheeks took on added color at the compliment.

"Strengthville will do just as much for you young people," added Mr. Carter.

"Good by, Mr. Carter," shouted the class as he was leaving.

"Good by, children," he called back. "Don't miss the train, will you?"

It takes a strong man to make health habits, but any weak man can break them.



The Bank of Youthland

"Yes, Miss Williams, the bank robbers were all caught. And the three bags of money were found hidden in the robbers' cave." The speaker was Banker Brown. Mr. Brown was making one of his welcome visits at school, and everyone hoped that he would find time to tell the class a story, for none knew better than the pupils of School Number Ten what interesting talks he could give.

"Well, I must be going," said Mr. Brown, finally. Happy faces seemed suddenly to grow sad, and children who had been sitting erect seemed to lose all interest in everything. But only for a moment, for Banker Brown began to

laugh, and then, as if by the magic of his smile, the whole class was changed into a sea of hands waving in a silent but effective appeal for a story. Banker Brown could not resist his good friends. He placed his hat on the table, set his cane in the corner, and stepped over to the blackboard.

“How would you like to hear a story about a bank?” asked Mr. Brown. “I suppose that many of you own a bank of some sort—perhaps a small iron bank. If you have a bank, raise your right arm. Keep it raised until I tell you to lower it. And if you *save*, raise your left arm. A little higher, please. I hope that I find no ‘one-armed’ pupils in this class,” laughed Mr. Brown, looking around the room at the waving arms that were raised—first the right and then the left—with all the snap and force of a gymnastic lesson. “All right, arms down.

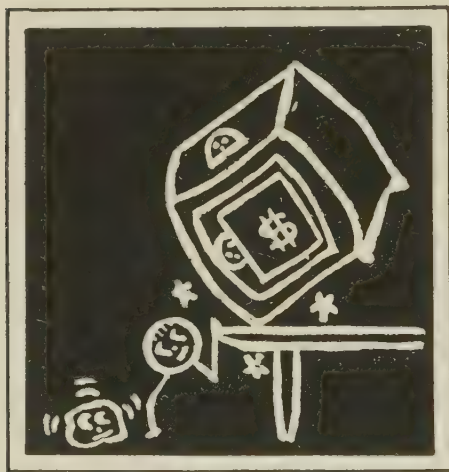
“Well, now—about the bank in my story. It was an iron bank such as some of you have. It belonged to an old man who had found it on a dump pile. I suppose some child had thrown it away, perhaps because his parents

had given him a bigger bank. People who knew the old man's habits called him a miser. He saved every penny he could get his long thin fingers on. The miser saved and saved until one unhappy day he found that his bank would hold no more. He was even afraid to open the door for fear some of his coins would fall out and perhaps get lost.

"And well he might be afraid to open the door of this timeworn iron bank. He was getting old and his sight was growing dim. He was not so strong as he had once been, and his fingers trembled. He had a bank full of money, but it gave him no happiness. Instead, it nearly worried him to death. I don't wonder that this unhappy man worried about his money. He knew that not a single one of the coins loved him.

"There were pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters, and even larger pieces of money kept prisoners in this miser's bank. The only exercise these pieces of money got was when the old miser took them out to be counted. Even this was far from being a pleasant change for the coins. Can you

believe that the miser used to bite them with his teeth to see if they were real money? Sometimes he would rub them against each other, and sometimes he would throw them down on the table just to hear them jingle. The old



miser would laugh in glee as he played with them almost as a cat plays with a small mouse.

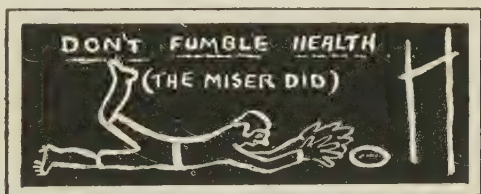
“At last an accident happened to the iron bank. The door broke partly open and some of the money

escaped. Here is a picture of a quarter and a gold piece escaping from the miser. One is running away. The other is rolling. And here is a coin trying to squeeze out through the crack in the door. Up on top you can see still another coin trying to get free from the miser.

“I don’t know where these pieces of money are going, but I hope that they may serve a

better purpose in life than just staying in prison.

"But I must hurry on with my story. The old miser finally fell sick. He was very ill. With all his money, he couldn't buy his lost health back again. He had none left, for he had used it up in a mad effort to get rich. What a foolish life he lived! He made the mistake of *saving* nothing but money and *spending* health.



"The miser should have saved *square* money as well as round money. Let me tell you why," said the banker, taking from his pocket a black leather wallet, and removing several pieces of bright yellow metal that looked like gold coins except that they were square.

"Examine this coin," said the banker, giving it a flip to one of the boys in front who caught it like a first baseman. "Ever see it before? No? Well, let me explain.

"This square-shaped money is Health Money.

“Let me tell you all about it. When you earn Health Money, you are working for yourself. You are your own boss and your own banker. Youth is the best time to save this money. Then you will have it to spend if you need it when you grow old or some unfortunate person needs your help. There are many ways in which a boy or a girl who has saved Health Money can help others.

“This first coin is called a Health Penny. You can earn one of these by sleeping one hour in a well-aired room. It is about the easiest way to earn health money that I know. You don’t have to work hard. You don’t have to work at all—unless the window sticks when you try to open it at night so that fresh air will enter. You simply go to bed at the time your parents tell you to go. Every hour that you sleep you earn a Health Penny.

“How many do you think you ought to save every night? I should think that nine or ten pennies would be about right. My doctor tells me that a boy who doesn’t save the proper number of Health Pennies each night is likely

to be surprised when he steps on the scales and reads how little he weighs.

“This second piece of money is a Health Nickel. You can earn one by eating a good meal. How many Health Nickels ought you to save a day? Three, of course! But they must be good meals. You can’t earn a Health Nickel by eating any kind of food you wish. It must contain the things that give health and strength to boys and girls.

“You need milk each day; some fruit—an orange is excellent for children; vegetables—especially the green leafy ones; an egg, cereal, and bread and butter. If you expect to have your head push up the marker on the height standard, you must eat the things that make bones and muscle. Coffee and tea will never do it. We don’t want any *imitation* Health Nickels, do we? Remember, they are worth no more than a lead nickel.

“This large piece of money is a Health Quarter. Let me tell you, boys and girls—or rather, girls and boys, for it is polite to mention girls first—that it is really hard to earn these quar-

ters. You have to practice a long time before you can earn many. This quarter can be earned only by keeping all visitors out of the mouth—at least all visitors who have no right to enter.

“By that, I mean fingers, pencils, and anything else that has no business in the mouth. Food and drink belong in the mouth. The fin-

gers do not. A toothbrush does; a pencil does not.

“Many are able to save Health Pennies and Nickels, but it takes a careful banker to save Health Quarters. Do you think that any of you are clever enough to save them?

“This small coin is a dime. My,

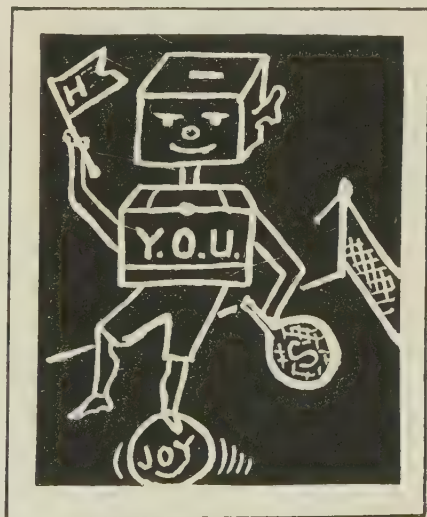
what lots of fun it is saving these dimes! All you have to do is—*play*. But you must play



fair and *square*—like these pieces of money, you know. It is better if you play with other children. *Play* certainly *pays*.

“Shall I show you what your health bank looks like? Here is a picture of it. Do you see all the different slots where you put in the money you save? Fresh-air pennies in here—right where the lock is. The nickels (food coins) are inserted here.

Remember to take your time when you put health nickels into your bank. And don't get nervous. Can anyone tell why? Your sleep pennies go in right here. The health lessons you learn in school are saved here. I hope



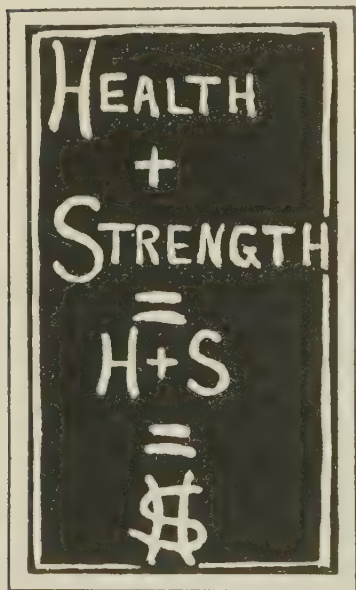
that no one lets the things he saves in this ear come out the other ear. That kind of saving isn't worth much, is it, Miss Williams?

"This funny-looking box is your strong box. Another name for it is your chest. See how strong it is. The bands that run around it are not made of iron like those on Captain Kidd's treasure chest, yet they are strong. They are muscle bands, and you can make them as strong as you care to, even as strong as the muscles on

the arms and chest of a blacksmith.

"Just see how happy your bank is now! It is dancing for joy. Why not call it a Joy Bank?

"It certainly is no toy bank. I think that it is just as good as a real bank because it has money in it. If you save health and strength you have money. Did you know that? Look! This



H stands for health. Is that right? And this S stands for strength. Is that right? Well, then, put the two together, like this—the S right on

top of the H—and you have \$. That means money, doesn't it?

"Try it to-night on the home folks," urged the Banker, smiling to himself as he watched the puzzled faces in front of him change to broad smiles as each quick brain worked out the magic of putting an "H" and an "S" together to make the dollar sign.

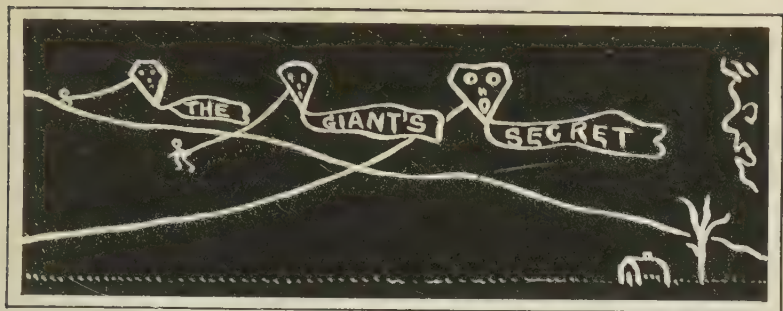
"I have little fear that you will make the sad mistake the old miser did," said Mr. Brown, reaching for his hat and cane. "And I feel sure that you will try very hard to save a fortune in Health Money. But that's not enough—you must *protect* your fortune." And the speaker clenched both fists to show pupils how hard they must try to defend their riches from robbers.

"My mother belongs to the Parent-Teachers' Club of this school," spoke up Alice Sherman; "and she told me that one of the speakers at the last meeting said that the robbers who came to steal our health are called Late Hours, Quick Meals, and Foul Air. And there are some others whom I forget."

“You have little reason to fear these robbers, now that you know their names, if you will just be on your guard, my friends—I mean, my young Health Bankers. If Late Hours should come to rob you, you will probably hear—or should I say feel?—the headache signal ringing out an alarm. And if Quick Meals should try to steal in when you are off guard, you will probably feel a pain signal in the stomach. If Foul Air tries to steal your strength, you must throw open the windows and shout for Mr. Fresh Air, the policeman who will drive Foul Air away.

“Remember always that you are the person to protect your bank. The school doctor will help and so will the nurse. The dentist can also help. Your friend Mr. Playfair will gladly help. And at home you have your parents on guard, trying to protect you from sickness and accident. But you must always do your part.”

BE WISER THAN THE MISER



The Giant's Secret

“Food morning—excuse me, children, I mean *good* morning,” laughed Miss Wheelock, the nutrition supervisor, who had just entered the classroom for her regular visit. “I am thinking so much about food that I am nearly always talking it or eating it. I even dream about it. Only the other night I had a long dream about such good food that I didn’t want any breakfast.

“I wonder if that’s why some of you children don’t eat your breakfast—just because you fill your stomach up with dream food. There is some reason, I know, and I am trying just as hard as I can to find out what it is. And speaking of dreams, I had one about you last night. Don’t you want to hear it? I thought that you would,” added Miss Wheelock.

“You see, the other night I was thinking of you because I had read in the paper about some children who were half-starved. These children lived far across the sea. It made me very sad to read about their condition. But I was glad to know that you were not suffering for food. While I was thinking of some way to feed these hungry children, I fell asleep. It was late—long after the time when you go to bed.

“Well, after a while I began to dream. I dreamed that I was right here in this classroom talking to you. Every one of you was present. Not a pupil was absent on account of sickness.

“While I was talking, there came a loud knock on the door. I went to the door and opened it and in walked—what do you think? A great, big giant! He had to bend way over so that his head wouldn’t hit.

“You were all much afraid of him because you had never seen a giant except in a picture book. And neither had I, but I had to protect you from harm because I was older and larger than any of you. So I spoke up and said to the giant, ‘What are you doing in this room?’

“For a moment our big visitor was silent. I suspect that he had never been to a school like ours before, for he looked all around. He had eyes that seemed to reach out and take hold of you. They were bright as electric lights, and it was hard to look at them except out of the corners of our eyes. (I know now that it was my own lights which I had forgotten to turn off that made my dream so vivid.) And then Mr. Giant answered in a voice that sounded much too large for him, big as he was.

“‘How would you like to be as big and strong as I am?’ the giant asked, tapping his chest. Just to show his strength, he lifted Miss Williams’ desk with one hand. The muscles in his arm stood out in a great lump that made me think of the bump on the sliding board out on the playground.

“‘Why, Mr. Giant,’ said I, ‘what child wants to be as big as a giant? No one would play with him; his parents couldn’t buy clothes large enough for him, and he would drink so much milk that I fear the milk man would have to leave it in large glass tubs every morning.’

“The giant laughed when I said this, and he laughed so loud that the windows rattled—you know, just the way they do when the wind blows very hard. Do you want to see what the giant looked like? This is about the way he looked, as I remember him. He surely is an odd-looking giant!

“While I was looking at the giant and at his strange legs and feet, and his odd hat and his yellow teeth, he surprised me by winking one of his big eyes—just like that. ‘Perhaps none of you cares to be as large as a giant, but I know that every boy and girl wants to be big and strong. If you will listen to me, I will tell you the secret of my size,’ said the giant.

“We all promised to listen—that is, we nodded with our heads, for we were too surprised to remember that we could talk. Our tongues were as dumb as the tongue of an old shoe. But the giant understood. He seemed to enjoy our fright, for he grinned like a huge jack-o-lantern. I don’t believe any of you can guess what the giant said.

“I am certainly glad that I didn’t wake just then and spoil the dream. For, you see, I

wanted to learn the secret of being big and strong and straight, so that I could tell you and all the rest of my friends. But before I tell you the giant's secret, I must tell you some more about him. In a voice that sounded like an automobile horn warning you to get out of the way and to be quick about it, too, the giant asked your teacher for some chalk. He asked for red, green, white, and yellow chalk. When the teacher handed the chalk to the giant, he had to bend forward until he almost doubled up like a jack-knife, he was so tall. The pieces of colored chalk looked like colored toothpicks in his huge hand. Poor Mr. Giant was so tall that he had to kneel on the floor in order to draw on the blackboard.



“Veggie—that was the giant’s name—certainly knew how to draw. His pictures looked

just like the colored pictures that you find on seed packages. It makes my mouth water to think of the juicy tomatoes, the crisp and clean-looking celery, the huge squashes, the rich green spinach, the golden yellow corn, the big head of cabbage, the crinkly lettuce, the plump potatoes, the great leaves of chard, the onions wrapped up in tissue-paper skins, the turnips that looked like tops, the beautifully colored beets, and the many other good things from the garden that Veggie told me you little people ought to learn to eat.

"After Veggie had finished his pictures, he rubbed the colored chalk off his big hands with a handkerchief that looked as large as a tablecloth. I suppose that his tablecloth would look as large as a circus tent and his oatmeal bowl as large as a water pail for elephants.

"Veggie asked if I liked candy, and you cannot guess what he offered me. I don't believe a single one of you can guess what it was. Do you want to try?"

After a moment or two of deep thought, Grace Cummings raised her hand. "I think," said

Grace with mischief in her big blue eyes, "that Veggie offered you a candied sweet potato."

"Ha, ha," laughed Miss Wheelock, "I think that you are the one who is dreaming now. That's a good guess, however, Grace. The giant's candy was even more delicious than a candied sweet potato. It was made out of figs pressed flat and cut up in squares like caramels.

"Each one was as large as four ordinary caramels, and I had to bite mine in two before I could get it into my mouth. And even then, I must have looked as if I had a toothache—my mouth was so full on one side. The giant told me that his candy might make me look as if I had a toothache, but it would never give me a real one the way some candy does.

"The giant also told us to drink at least three large glassfuls of fresh milk every day, and to eat some fruit, such as an orange or an apple. I remember that he told us how foolish it would be for us to stuff our stomachs with the red and green and yellow vegetables until they ached. He also made us promise to tell our parents all that he had said.

“And then what do you think happened? I am almost ashamed to tell you. Someone of you sneezed and the giant was so frightened that



he jumped right through the window. He never turned back to see if the sneeze had been caught in a handkerchief to prevent spraying the air with ‘cold’ germs for several feet around.

“Of course we can’t run from every sneeze we hear. There are too many to dodge. People would think us ill-mannered, too. But sometimes it is better to take a chance of being ill-mannered than being *ill*.

“The giant never returned. I suppose he was afraid of catching a cold from one of you. For although he was a giant and very strong, he was afraid of disease because he knew that it takes more than big muscles to fight disease germs.

The best way is to fight them with good health habits.

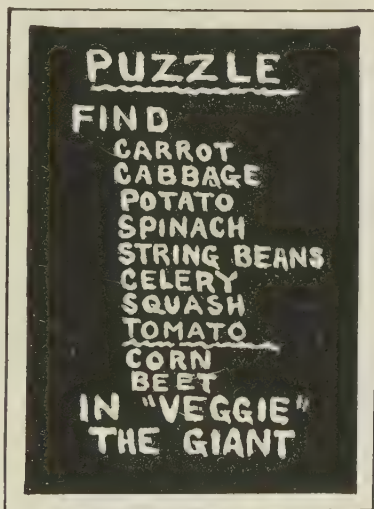
"That is all that I remember.

"I hope that you will keep your dream promise to the giant and tell this story to your parents to-night. I must go now, but perhaps your teacher will tell you why the giant looked so funny. You see, he was made out of vegetables and fruit.

"Perhaps you can tell your teacher what the giant's teeth are made of; what made them yellow and why it is all right for Veggie to

have yellow teeth but not for children; what he has on for shoes, and all about him.

"Before I go, tell me again what the giant's secret was. That is right—'Eat plenty of green vegetables and fruit and drink at least three glassfuls of rich milk every day.' Don't forget.



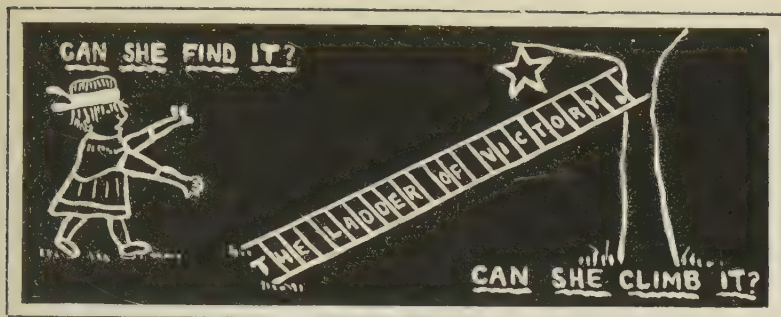
"Remember this, too," added Miss Wheelock as she printed with green crayon the word *vegetable* on the board. "When you see this word, follow Veggie's advice and *get* some."



"Perhaps you will remember this better if I make a heavy line under the letters *g-e-t* in the word on the board," continued the speaker.

"The word *able* is there, too. That's what *vegetables* will do to you if you *get* them," added Miss Wheelock. "They will help to make you *able* to do your work better, and to enjoy your play better."





The Ladder of Victory

“Ding-ding-ding ! Ding-ding !” rang out the fire alarm.

“Come on, boys, it’s box thirty-two,” shouted Fire Chief Speedwell, as he jumped into his big red car and raced off down the street. Closely following him came the hook and ladder truck and the fire engine.

Box thirty-two had never been sounded before. And yet there wasn’t a number better known in the whole village. Mothers and fathers counted the strokes of the big bell with fear in their hearts. And well they might, for box thirty-two was the schoolhouse; many precious lives might be in danger.

But no lives were lost. Before the fire apparatus was halfway there, all the children had

marched safely from the building just as they had been trained to do in the fire drill. Moreover, there was no fire to be seen anywhere. Someone had sounded a false alarm.

It may have seemed like innocent sport to ring in an alarm and see the fire apparatus go rushing noisily down the street, but it was not. It was bad enough to bring all business to a stop while anxious parents collected near the school to see if their dear ones were safe. But what of the firemen? Are their lives not valuable, too? Every time they ride madly to a fire they endanger their own lives and the lives of others who may chance to get in the way of the speeding fire trucks.

That very thing occurred when box thirty-two was sounded. Again "Death Corner" nearly claimed a victim. One of the brave firemen was thrown from the ladder truck as the driver made a sudden turn to avoid running down an old gentleman whose hearing was so poor that he failed to hear the fire gong.

Fire Chief Speedwell was filled with rage when he learned that someone had sounded a false

alarm. The matter was reported to the police, and a few days later a half-witted lad was arrested. He laughed about the deed and acted as if he thought that he had done something clever. But when he was told that the Judge was going to send him to a reform school, his slow brain began to understand how much trouble he had made for himself, to say nothing about the injured fireman in the hospital.

A week later, Chief Speedwell made a second visit to School Number Ten. This time, he went alone. He didn't hurry, either. No one rushed to the curbstone to see where the fire was. The big bell in the tower was fast asleep, although it was not yet three o'clock in the afternoon. To the fire bell, the time meant nothing. But to Miss Williams' pupils it meant a great deal, for was not the class to have the pleasure of listening to the Fire Chief?

"I have a hard job for you this afternoon. You are going to help me build a ladder—that is, I hope you are," said the Fire Chief.

"Of course, if any of you are afraid of getting blisters on your hands, I'll excuse you," he

added. But not a hand was raised, nor a word uttered. Blisters or no blisters, the class was going to see the thing through. What mattered a blister compared with the honor of the class?

"I want to build the ladder right here in the classroom. We must be careful not to get sawdust and shavings around," he added as he saw a look of mystery on the bright faces of his audience. "But that will not be difficult, because we don't use wood in this ladder. Not a bit of it, and yet it's going to be a strong ladder. No iron, either; because, don't you see, this ladder is to be made out of *habits*, and habits are about the strongest things in the world. Isn't that so, Miss Williams?" asked Chief Speedwell, turning to their teacher.

"Yes, indeed. Habits are hard to break, especially bad habits," replied Miss Williams. "For instance, some boys and girls have the habit of lying in bed mornings after they are called, and then get up so late that they haven't time to eat their breakfast and get to school before the last bell rings. I want to say to you, Mr. Speedwell, that we have no children like

that in this class just now, and we are not going to have. Are we, children?"

"I know a habit that is worse than lying in bed," said Chief Speedwell, "and that is the habit of lying with the tongue. Sometimes it is so hard to break this habit that father has to help. I guess you know how he helps—with a great, big hand applied on the right spot," added the Chief, who perhaps remembered some of his own faults as a boy, none of which, however, was connected with lying, let us hope.

"I trust that you will all do your best to climb this ladder when it's finished. Not for a dare to someone who is afraid, but as an example of the right thing to do. It's going to be a Ladder of

Good Habits. On one side I am going to use the *Board of Education*, and on the other side I am going to use the *Board of Health*. For



rungs, the round pieces of wood that you step on, I am going to use the very best habits we can name.

“At the top, I am going to place a *prize*. It isn’t money, or candy, or anything to eat. Neither is it a set of boxing gloves, nor a sled, nor a bicycle. For this isn’t a Christmas tree that you are to climb, and I am not a Santa Claus.

“The prize is something you can’t buy. You have to *win* it. Your parents can help you get it, but you have to do much of the work yourself. No one can give you big muscles, strong lungs, a powerful engine in your chest, or good posture, and no one can give you the wonderful prize of *health, strength* and *happiness* unless you really win it for yourself.

“Every fireman has to practice hard day after day so that he will be in condition when the fire bell rings and he is called upon to face the cold of a winter’s night and the dangers of a fireman’s life. He may have to climb along a ledge, or find his way over the steep roof of some house that is burning. And he has to be able and willing to do what he can to save the lives of

others. Do you suppose he could do that if his muscles were soft?

“I want you to remember that you have to be able to climb this Ladder of Good Habits before you can climb very high on any other ladder,” said Chief Speedwell with all the power he could put into his voice. His eyes seemed to be ablaze with the importance of what he was saying, and there was none who did not feel thrilled at the thought of *having* health and strength and *using* it for some good purpose.

“This is a picture of a boy who fell off the Ladder of Good Habits,” continued the Chief as he sketched hurriedly on the board.



“His name is Dick Dolittle, and he is a very lazy fellow indeed. I shouldn’t want him as one of our firemen, falling off a ladder like this. The trouble with Dick is that he has never learned that dirty

hands are very apt to slip and lose their hold on the Ladder of Health. And then, to make



matters worse, Jimmie the Germ sawed the rung that Dick was standing on. Of course it broke, Dick's dirty hands slipped, and he fell—not on the ground, but *sick* with a sore throat or something of the sort.

This is the saw that Jimmie the Germ used," added the speaker as he pointed to another picture he had drawn. "It says, *Filth*. I guess you know what that means. It means—well, it means 'dirty dirt.'

"We are ready now to try our hand at climbing a ladder, aren't we? I have a feeling that we shall do better than Dick Dolittle," smiled the Fire Chief as he pointed to the board.

"This is our first rung on the ladder. It's a towel that has wound itself around the two side

boards. See how happy it looks! That's the 'bath smile.' I hope that you look that way after your bath. I hope that your bath towel looks happy, too. It's not fair to transfer your dirt to the towel, is it?



"Some boys do that very thing. They ought to know that the towel's job is to *dry* them, and to *rub* them good and hard. It's the water and 'soap's business to *remove* the dirt. Don't ever get mixed up on that.



"Our firemen use water, and soap, and towels. They fight dirt as well as fire with water. All

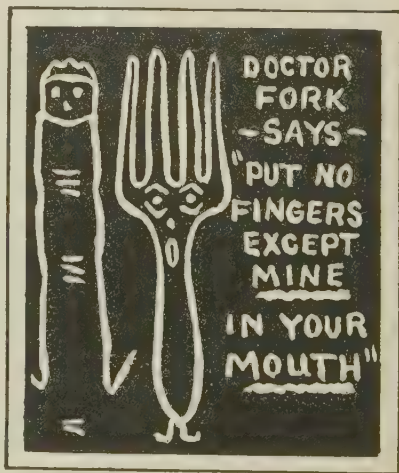


right, then, let us start clean as we take the first step on our Ladder of Good Habits. We shall call this first rung *Cleanliness*.

"Rung Number Two ought to interest you about now," said the Chief as he drew a picture of a

knife and fork on the ladder.

"These queer-looking things that hold the knife and fork on the ladder are teeth. They are just as important as silverware when it comes to eating food. I *thought* that you would all give close attention when I started talking about eating. This is where you can help



me build our ladder. I want you to tell me what kinds of food will make a good, strong rung. Don't give me anything that will break and let us fall on our heads.

"Someone says *fruit*. Good. What color is it going to be—red, orange, yellow, blue, or *green*? And I hear someone else saying *vegetables*. Just name a few that every child ought to eat. That's right, potatoes (baked potatoes are especially good, and so are creamed potatoes), celery, lettuce, spinach, squash, carrots, beets, peas, beans—there are a great many that we ought to know and let our stomach know. Cabbage ought to be mentioned, too.

"Someone says *oatmeal and cream*. I wonder why you didn't say 'oatmeal, sugar, and cream.' A little friend of mine eats the sugar, but not much of the cereal. Perhaps you noticed that I said a *little* friend of mine. Perhaps that's the reason why he is little."

"Don't forget the milk, Mr. Speedwell," said a rosy-cheeked girl in the back of the room. "Our school nurse says that we ought to think of milk both as a food and as a drink."

"Quite right, Miss. *Milk* is very good for bones, and muscle, and other important parts of the body. And *eggs*—they are good if they are *fresh*," added the Chief with a smile as he waited to see if the class caught his meaning. "Soft-boiled, scrambled, poached, and 'deviled' eggs are all appetizing and good for children—and for firemen, too.

"We ought to add *bread and butter*. If you get hungry, ask your parents for a bread-



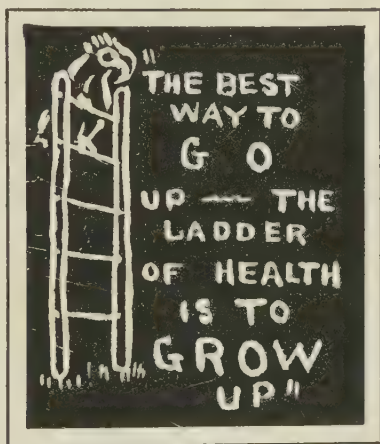
and-butter sandwich; don't go around chewing your finger or a pencil. It looks childish. That's why Dick slipped on the Ladder of Health.

"Our third rung ought to be the easiest of all to make, but it is often quite the

opposite. This bed with the funny-looking head and foot—did you ever stop and think that a bed has but one foot, although it has four

legs—is to be our third rung on the Ladder of Good Habits. You must sleep if you expect to grow *strong* and *long*.

“Some children don’t like to go to bed as early as they should. Perhaps they would go earlier if they understood that the night hours are the growing hours. It’s during the restful night hours that Nature puts the extra *length* onto the bones, and the extra *strength* into the muscles. I am told that it takes about ten



hours to do a good job for children of your age. I hope that you are all getting that amount.

“You may be sure that our firemen make it their business to get sufficient sleep. If they lose it at night, they make up for it during the day. They can, but you can’t. I don’t see any beds in the room for sleepy pupils. And I am sure that Miss Williams objects to having you

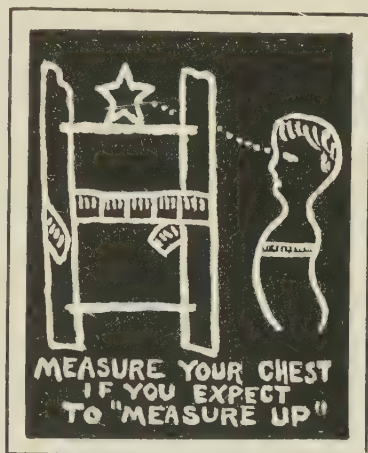
sleep on your desks. Our third rung on the ladder, then, is going to be *Sleep*.

"You will laugh when I tell you that the fourth rung on our ladder is going to be made of air. That's right—*air*. And why not? Air will hold up heavy flying machines, and it will hold you up, too, if it is *good* air. Yes, sir, you can climb the ladder of health on fresh air. But please remember that you can't climb 'with fresh airs.' There is a difference, isn't there?

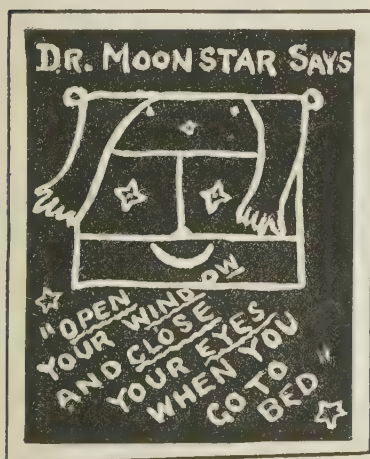
"It's a good idea to play in the open when you can. And at night when you are covered up with bed clothing, be sure to have a window open so that you can give your lungs an air bath while you sleep. Our firemen know the necessity for fresh air. Sometimes they have to go into a building that is full of smoke. They fill up their lungs with fresh air before they go in, and sometimes the only place they can find fresh air is near the floor. A fire fighter needs good lungs and so do you.

"It's going to be hard to draw a *picture* of fresh air. Of course we can all draw a *breath* of fresh air, but it is hard to draw something that

we can't see. I believe that I will draw a tape measure here for the fourth rung. Our doctor measures the chest of every fireman to see how large his lungs are. The tape looks something like this," added Chief Speedwell as he drew the fourth



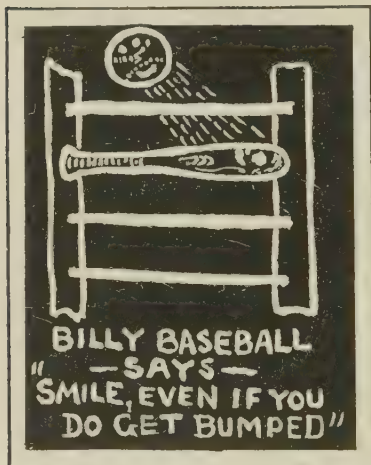
rung on the Ladder of Good Habits. "Your lungs need fresh air, your blood needs it, and



you need it on the outside of your body as well as on the inside. That's why a cooling breeze is so refreshing to you. It's an air tonic for your whole body.

"We are almost at the top. There is but one more rung to put in place. I know that you

will like it. The top rung is *Exercise*. You get plenty of exercise, I am sure. I hope that it is the right kind of exercise. I am thinking of exercise of the brain, the will, the lungs, the skin, the muscles. And I hope that you are 'good sportsmen' in your play.



"This picture shows you what I mean," said the Chief as he drew a picture of a bat hitting a baseball. It's fair, you know, for a big bat to hit a little ball, because that's all in the game. But the same rule doesn't hold for boys, does it?

"I should like to own this brave baseball," said the Chief, "so that I could place it on my desk at the fire station; when things happen that make me feel blue, one glance at this ball that wears a smile in spite of the hard crack it has just received, would cheer me up again.

“Well, my friends, our Ladder of Habits is finished,” said the Chief as he reached for his helmet and prepared to go back to the fire station. “Don’t you want to try it? I’ll give you a lesson right now. Everyone stand. Look up and reach for one of the rungs, so. And lift your foot, this way. Now take another step up,” he ordered, “and now faster and faster because we want to get to the top as soon as we can.”

In a short time everyone was out of breath, partly from the lively climb and partly from laughing at the Fire Chief, who made believe once that he slipped and nearly fell.

“I wish that my firemen could have seen you climb, boys and girls. I doubt

if they ever went up a ladder any faster.

“Just one word more, children. You will have to be *five health habits old* before you can



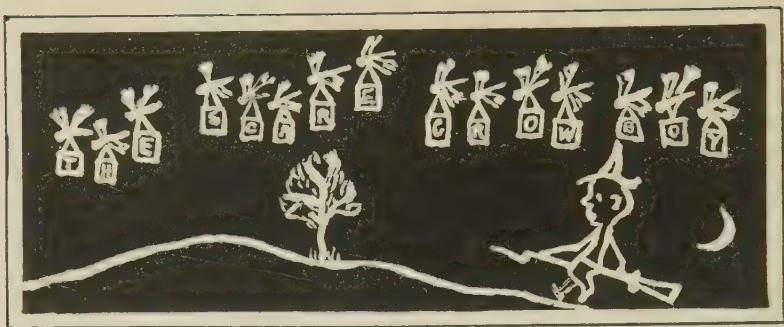
really reach the top of this ladder. Sometimes that's pretty old. It's much more than five years. Some of you are twice that. But *five health habits old*, well, some people never get as old as that. Father Time decides how old you are in years, but you, yourself, are the one who determines how old you are in *good health habits*. Do you all understand?

"Good bye, my young friends. Some day I want to come back and tell you how to form a Junior Fire Brigade," shouted Chief Speedwell from the street below as his big red roadster gained headway and passed from sight around the corner.

The ropes and ladders on the playground seemed to mean more to the class after Chief Speedwell's talk. Pupils imagined themselves in training for some brave deed. But they never forgot the Chief's warning not to *give* or *follow* any foolish dares. They found that the boys who could climb the ropes the fastest and do the most pull-ups on the ladder were usually the pupils who practiced the health habits the Fire Chief had talked about.

And so the Ladder of Good Habits the Chief had drawn on the board came to be known as the Ladder of Victory. For were not the pupils who practiced good habits of living usually the ones who won the greatest victories—not only over others, but over themselves, too?





The Scarecrow Boy

The great bell in the school hallway had just rung. In an instant everyone was alert. It was too early for recess. It wasn't the fire-drill signal. Neither was it time for dismissal. It could mean but one thing, and that was that Miss White was in the building. And the presence of Miss White in the school building meant another delightful picture story. This was one of the many ways in which the school nurse made her work interesting.

The pupils in Miss Williams' room, honor class for the month, tried to keep their minds upon their work and to forget that a story was coming. But it was too hard a task. First, because it is hard for little people—and for big

people too, sometimes—to study when they want to play. Second, because—well, just because the door opened and Miss White stepped into the room.

“Good morning, my young friends. How are the members of the Milk-Drinking Club today?” This and other health questions were asked in rapid order, and each received a favorable reply. “I am so glad,” said Miss White, and everyone could see that she truly meant what she said. Her face was so full of smiles that had they been anything but the real kind that find their roots in the heart, they would have fallen off from so much crowding.

“I have a new story for you. It’s about a ——,” and without another word, the nurse began to draw on the board a large picture of a scarecrow. “Who can tell me what to call this



picture? And who can tell me what good a scarecrow is, anyhow?"

It was a hopeless task trying to tell whose hand went up first, or whose hand waved the most. Everyone wanted to talk.

"A scarecrow looks like a tramp, but it isn't a tramp," said Howard Knapp excitedly. "I saw one once from a car window. It had an old hat and suit on, and some straw for whiskers and hands. It had but one leg, and that was made out of a post. The arms were made out of a rail nailed to the post. There were some crows far across the field, but they didn't come near the scarecrow."

"Yes, indeed, scarecrows look very much like tramps, with their old ragged clothes and snarly hair," said the nurse. "And the clothes never fit, either. But crows don't know anything about style, do they? The scarecrow that I have drawn for you stands as if it would fall down the next time the wind blows. It looks as if it had very strong arms, for it takes muscle—a lot of it, too—to hold the arms out this way for any length of time. You and I know that this

scarecrow has no muscle, but he manages to fool the crows. I can almost hear them calling, 'caw, caw, caw.' Do you know what the crow's *caw* means? Of course no one knows, but I have an idea that the crow's *caw* means *cau-tion*.

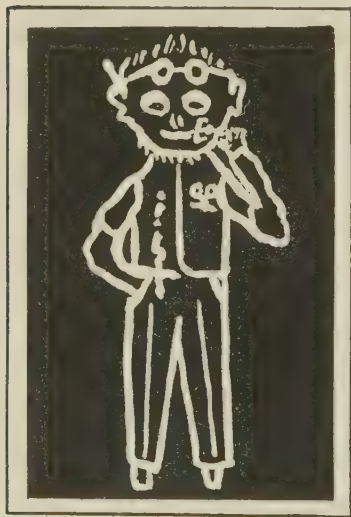
"It would be better if we should all take to 'cawing' like the crow at the first sign of danger so that everyone would be warned. If we did, I suppose the crows would go off by themselves and make up some new call for their special use.

"There are some more secrets about this scarecrow, and I want to tell them to you. He is as 'skinny' as a rail. Can you believe it? And he needs a bath. Who wouldn't, standing out in the dust day after day? A shave might make him look better, but the worse he looks, the better the farmer likes it."

"Excuse me, Miss White," spoke up Sam Brownell, "but I remember hearing father tell about a scarecrow that a tramp robbed one night. The tramp took hat, coat, and all, and the next morning father saw several crows perched on what had once been an object of

great fear to them. My father told me that a lot of children were afraid of things such as the dark, but they usually learned later that there really was nothing to fear."

"Exactly," replied Miss White. "There are many things that we worry about and are afraid of that never do us the least bit of harm when we face them bravely. It is well to be afraid of real danger, but it is foolish to be afraid when our parents tell us not to be frightened.



"But about my story. I was about to say that this scarecrow fellow needs a tailor. See how torn his coat is. You know what a tailor is. He makes your clothes fit your body. He measures you with a tape, and then he makes a

suit to fit the measurements. Here he is. See his scissors, and the needle and thread.

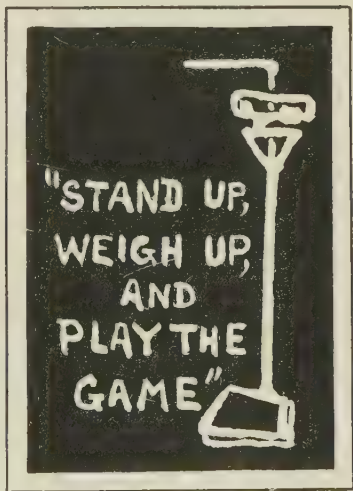
"This pin in his mouth is dangerous. He

might swallow it. It is so easy to let a pin slip into your throat when you are laughing.

"Probably you never go to a tailor. It is much easier to fit children than older people who sometimes allow their bodies to grow out of shape from lack of exercise or too much food or poor posture.

"Still, there are many children who need a tailor. But he is not like the ordinary tailor. He has no use for scissors, yet he *cuts* out things. He never uses needle or thread; he uses a scale instead. And pins—why, he has no use for them unless it is to prick lazy boys and make them go to work.

"Scales are the most valuable thing that this strange tailor has in his office. He doesn't pay rent, either, because he puts his scales right in the schoolhouse. He is called a Health Tailor, and he makes children



fit their clothes, instead of making clothes to fit them.

“Here is a picture of a scarecrow boy. His face is turned the other way, so I don’t know whether he is a member of your class or not. But I should not be surprised if he is. These scarecrow boys are found in every classroom.



“See how thin he is. He has small muscles. His ribs stand out like those on a half-starved horse. I suppose that

he looks strong when he is dressed. Like the other scarecrow I drew, he isn’t so hard to push over as he looks. The fine thing about this scarecrow is that you can make him into a strong boy, whereas the one in the field could never be made into a real man. This one right here *can*. But he needs the services of the Health Tailor.

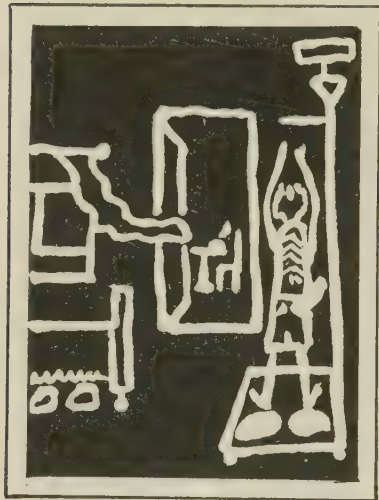
"Can anyone tell me where to find the Health Tailor?"

"I think that *you* are the Health Tailor, Miss White," suggested Miss Williams. "At any rate, you are filling out some of these boys and girls with milk and eggs and other foods so that I have had to order some more gold stars for pupils who make satisfactory gains in their weight."

"Well, perhaps I *am* the Health Tailor for this school. It's a big job, making you all fit your clothes, but I know we are going to succeed because I have the help of your teacher and parents. That is very important. Please tell your parents that we need their help very much. And we often need the advice of the doctor. He is the chief Health Tailor.

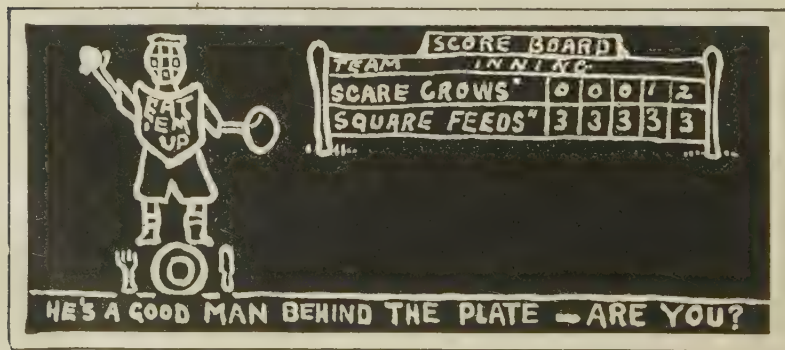
"There is one other picture that I want to call your attention to. It is this boy who is trying to be as tall and heavy as other boys of his age. I am glad that he wants to be tall. But how foolish he is to stand on those eggs. They ought to be *inside*, where they will help to make his bones longer and stronger.

"He has a bottle of milk in his pantspocket. If he wants to weigh more, he ought to put that bottle of milk—or rather what's in it—in his stomach.



"Look! He seems to know the value of fresh air. See how the wind is blowing! Through the doorway I can see a bowl of cereal on the table. I hope that the cereal disappears before he starts to school.

"The picture reminds me also that you have to get plenty of sleep if you expect to measure up

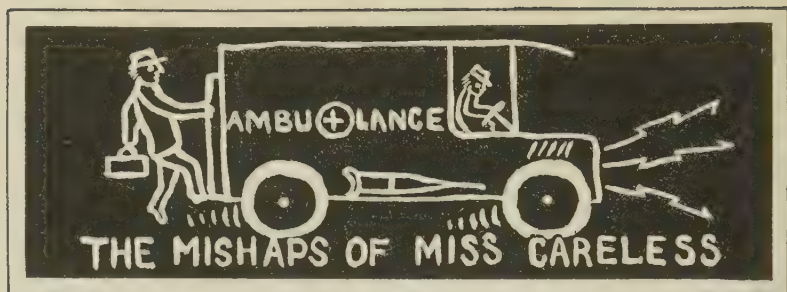


in height and weight. I don't see any vegetables, but I am sure that his mother will look after that later in the day. You can't skip vegetables in the race for weight and height any more than you can skip second base in trying to make a home run on the ball grounds.

"Will you all tell your parents the story of the Scarecrow Boy to-night? And before you go to bed, look at yourself carefully in the mirror to see whether you think you have as much strength and health as others think you have. Of course, if you are just naturally thin as some children are, don't worry a bit about it. But if your parents and the doctor think you ought to weigh more, be a good sportsman and get into the game. That's the kind of children we like, isn't it, Miss Williams?"

"Yes, indeed, Miss White. And that's the kind of children I have in my class this year," replied Miss Williams very proudly.

THE WINNER PLAYS FAIR AT DINNER



The Mishaps of Miss Careless

"Miss Williams' Class, Friday, three P.M."

"What in the world can this mean?" thought Miss Burrows, Secretary of the Camp Fire Girls, as she glanced at her desk calendar and puzzled over the strange message someone had written on it. "That might as well be Chinese for all I can make out of it. Perhaps it's just a joke."

"Ding-a-ling, ling, ling, ling!" The telephone on her desk was ringing merrily as if it knew what the strange message meant and wanted to tell the secret to all who would listen.

"This is Miss Williams talking," came a voice over the wire. "May I speak to Miss Burrows?" There was a minute or two of conver-

sation and then the Secretary of the Camp Fire Girls began to laugh heartily, as she realized in a flash the meaning of the mysterious writing on her desk pad.

“Certainly, Miss Williams, I shall be glad to come Friday afternoon at three and talk to the members of your class. I will tell them one of the camp-fire talks which I heard last summer. Of course stories are always more interesting when told around the camp fire, but perhaps your pupils have enough imagination to make up for all that is missing in the way of fire, crackling sticks, magic smoke, and witching shadows.”

And so it came about that the Friday afternoon story hour was turned over to Miss Burrows to do and to say what she pleased. There were other visitors that afternoon, too. Several members of the Camp Fire Girls attended in uniform as a special honor to their leader, who was likewise in uniform. The girls in Miss Williams' class were much excited over the presence of the Camp Fire Girls, but the boys did not show any great amount of enthusiasm,

although they were just as courteous as the girls in their behavior. Boys like best to hear about boys as a general rule, but it was a matter of a few minutes only before the boys were as keen about Miss Burrows as were the girls.

"I thought that you might all be glad to hear the story about a girl whose playmates spoke of her as Miss Careless," began Miss Burrows. "This girl wasn't old enough to be a Camp Fire Girl. Neither was she careful enough. No girl that is careless can become a Camp Fire Girl.

"I suppose that is just as true of Boy Scouts, isn't it, boys?" asked Miss Burrows. "Carelessness never did anyone any good, and it often causes a great deal of trouble. It did in this story, as you shall hear.

"Miss Careless was going home from school one afternoon. It was raining and blowing very hard. Strangely enough, Miss Careless was careful enough to have her umbrella with her. The wind was blowing so hard that Miss Careless held her umbrella in front of her, just like this," explained Miss Burrows, as she drew a

picture on the board to show just how Miss Careless carried her umbrella.

"This umbrella is keeping the rain out of Miss Careless' face," continued the speaker, "but it is also keeping the sounds of approaching automobiles out of her ears. And Miss Careless is about as blind as she would be if her eyes were blindfolded. She can't see much of anything except her umbrella and the ground. I am sure that none of you would cross a street with your eyes shut. And yet Miss Careless is doing something almost as foolish.



"Of course I know that a cold rain chills, but remember, also, that a speeding auto *kills*. It's a very good idea when crossing the street to look *ahead*, not *down* as Miss Careless is doing," cautioned Miss Burrows, who was also a lecturer for the Junior Safety League.

"And here is Mr. Careless. He is out every day in his car, and he rides up and down the streets all day and late into the night. Some-



times he is alone. Sometimes he has a car like this," said the speaker as she sketched on the board a car that looked familiar to all, "and sometimes he has a big heavy touring car.

"He has hundreds of brothers—and not a few sisters—all careless. They depend upon others to get out of their way, and upon luck to look after them in case of accident.

"The driver of this speeding car is going after his little girl at school. I hope that he sees Miss Careless as he rounds the corner. His windshield is all misty from the rain, and he can't see very well. For him it's what you might call a *blind corner*. And for Miss Careless, it's what someone has spoken of as a *deaf*

corner, for she doesn't hear the warning horn. I hope that Mr. Careless sees Miss Careless in time to slow down. She is so busy picking her way around the mud puddles in the road that she will never see the car in time to get out of the way.

"There! An accident has happened," said Miss Burrows as she gave her hands a loud clap. "You didn't see the accident, but you heard it and I saw some of you jump when it happened," she continued. "What do you suppose the sound was?"

"I guess that the fender hit Miss Careless," answered one of the class, "and perhaps broke her leg."

"That's a good guess," replied Miss Burrows. "It's much better than the guess some boy made last week when he said that he thought the sound was the breaking of the ribs in Miss Careless' umbrella," said the speaker.

"Well, seriously now, this is what happened. The man in the car saw Miss Careless just in time to save her life. It cost him a badly damaged car, for you can't run head-on into a tree without trouble of some sort. Through good

fortune the driver escaped serious injury. He was stunned for a moment, and then he crawled out of his wrecked car intending to tell the girl what a foolish person she was. But it was no time for harsh talking, for Miss Careless had fainted from fright."

"The driver bent over the girl to pick her up and then it was that he discovered that she was his own child. He had saved her life by doing the only thing a brave man would do, and that was to turn out, even if it cost him his life. His eyes filled with hot tears until they were so misty that he could hardly see out of them, as he lifted the girl in his arms and took her into a house near by. In a short time Miss Careless had recovered, and she and her father, arm in arm, made their way home under the big umbrella.

"This accident taught Miss Careless' father a lesson worth more than all the automobiles in the world, but it didn't seem to be a very lasting lesson to his daughter. I can almost hear Mr. Curbstone saying as Miss Careless steps off his back and starts across the street, 'There goes

Miss Careless again. I wish that she would use some other crossing. I'll have heart failure one of these days over her narrow escapes.'

"Shall I tell you about Miss Careless' experience while visiting at a friend's house where there was a red card on the door?" asked Miss Burrows, as she erased the pictures she had drawn, "or do you prefer to hear about her adventure with a 'flexible flyer?' Or perhaps you would enjoy hearing how Miss Careless was finally cured of her carelessness," she continued.

"We want to hear about all of Miss Careless' adventures, don't we?" cried Fred Goodwin, one of the larger boys of the class and their natural leader in the classroom as well as on the playground.

"Yes, yes," replied everyone eagerly, not excepting Miss Williams or the visiting Camp Fire Girls, all of whom were much interested in following the mishaps of Miss Careless as Miss Burrows pictured them with word and chalk.

Miss Burrows was not accustomed to such good-will in an audience, and it was evident

to all that she was as happy over the spirit that met her talk as a boy is over his first skates. First she smiled, then the children smiled, and then Miss Williams joined the happy group, and in less time than it takes to tell it, Miss Careless became so real to the class that the warning bell which sounds five minutes before close of school was not even heard. There was not a pupil who did not want to hear the story through to its finish.

“All right, then, my friends. School will be over in five minutes, and if I hurry along, my story will be over by that time, too. Let us examine this picture,” urged Miss Burrows, as she turned to the board to draw. “Someone has told our little friend—for we all like her, even if she *is* careless—that her playmate who sits right across the aisle from her is sick. Miss Careless has a kind heart. She likes to make others happy. So she is going to visit her sick friend. She is carrying a nice, juicy orange that she has saved from her lunch. She loves oranges, but she knows that sick children often love them much more.

"I hope that Miss Careless notices this red card on the side of the door. It says, *Keep Away*, and the red means danger. But Miss Careless pays no attention to it. The door is unlocked, and in she steps. Fortunately, a nurse in white meets her just inside the door and orders Miss Careless away. The little girl who is sick has scarlet fever.

"When the school doctor learned where Miss Careless had been, he ordered her to remain away from school for several days, and she had to stay indoors.

"The doctor printed a sign with *LOOK OUT* on it, just like this, and nailed it up below the red card. Can you see the warning look this face is giving you? Whenever you see the words *Look Out*, I hope that you will see a face scowling at you like this one, and be on guard at once.



“Miss Careless is not always so fortunate. Sometimes she gets into real trouble. She did one day after school while playing with some boys. They had been raking up leaves in the street, and had a big pile of them to do stunts on. Soon, boylike, they tired of this sport, and then looked about to see what next they could do that gave promise of fun.

“One of the boys found a match in his pocket. In a moment, he was striking it on his heel.



The next moment, the leaves were on fire. I can imagine the match, with fire in his eye, saying as the boy scratched him on his heel, ‘There goes my head right into a pile of leaves.’ And the next moment, his angry red tongue was darting

in every direction in an effort to get revenge.

“That’s just the trouble with matches. As someone has so well said, ‘A match has a

head, but it doesn't think; when you use one, *you* must do all the thinking.'

"The boys had great sport jumping over the fire. Then they dared Miss Careless to make the jump as they had done. She should have known better. In the first place, girls don't jump so well as boys. In the second place, her skirts made the danger much greater.

"Miss Careless' first jump was fine. She cleared the fire with inches to spare. But the second time she tried it, the fire had grown bigger, and it snapped its red tongue at her as she tried to repeat the dangerous stunt and prove to the boys that she was not a 'fraid cat.' This time the fire did its work well. As if it were playing a game of tag, it reached up at just the right time and caught Miss Careless' dress. Fortunately, her mother was at home and she



was able to put the flames out, but not without badly burning her hands.

“Miss Careless was badly burned also, and it was necessary for the doctor to come several times. She will always carry a scar from that foolish dare she followed. I am sure that you will agree with me that the boy who is really brave takes only the kind of risks that will save others *from* danger. He doesn’t run them *into* danger by giving them a dare.

“I want to tell you one other accident that Miss Careless had. It taught her the lesson that she needed. And she had to pay for the lesson, too. Not with money, but with suffering. It was winter time. There was a fine coat of snow on the ground. All the children were gathered back of Miss Careless’ home where the sliding was fine and safe.

“But Miss Careless wanted to try the big hill where she had seen the boys coasting right in the middle of the road the day before. She didn’t know that they had stationed a boy at the foot of the hill near the corner to warn them of danger from the street cars. Miss Careless took a

little run and jumped on her sled. It was a 'flexible flyer.' Faster and faster it went. Suddenly Miss Careless heard the *dang, dang, dang* of the bell on the trolley car that crosses the street at the foot of the hill. Miss Careless knew that the 'dang, dang, dang' of the bell was its quick way of saying 'Danger, danger, danger,' and she tried with all her strength to stop the sled with her toe. But the snow was too slippery and hard.



"Down went her sled right in front of the oncoming car. The motorman tried to stop, but the tracks were very slippery. Miss Careless closed her eyes. She expected to be killed. In a moment the big cruel wheels would be crushing her body. She fainted, as you or I would. At last she awoke. She was in the hospital, and her leg was in a stiff cast. Her mother was with her and there were tears in her eyes.

But they were tears of happiness, for what is a broken leg when one has been snatched from the very jaws of death?

"That showed Miss Careless coasting down the steep hill, and this shows her getting about on



her crutches. I see that Miss Careless has her face turned from us. Perhaps she is ashamed of herself. And perhaps she is someone whom you know right in this school."

"What finally happened to Miss Careless?" asked Miss Williams. "Did she learn a lesson, and *remember* it, too?"

"Yes, indeed. Miss Careless became Miss Careful. By that I don't mean that she *Stopped, Looked, and Listened* so much that she never had any fun. She just learned to use good judgment in being able to sense serious danger, and to know how to sidestep it.

"I suppose that Miss Careless bumped her head sometimes, and skinned her knees once in a while, and perhaps pricked her fingers with a needle, and all that, but such accidents are not serious, and they teach us—if we are wise—how to avoid other and more serious ones. That's what I mean by being careful—thinking of the safety of others as well as one's own, especially where there is danger of loss of sight, hearing, limbs, or life.

"There is just one thing more that I want to tell you, or rather, to ask you," said Miss Burrows, laughing as she corrected herself. "This is the question, children," she added, turning to the board and writing—*ARE U ARE U ARE U ?*

The class was puzzled. And so was Miss Williams, for she looked earnestly at the speaker to see if some mistake had not been made. But Miss Burrows only smiled. She took a few moments to enjoy the efforts of the class to answer the question, and then she said, "Let me see if I can't make the question a bit easier by using the magic letters *C, F, L*. I'll put one here,

another here, and the third here," she continued, and in a moment the question read—*ARE U CAREFUL? ARE U?*

"We are," replied the class, almost in one voice.

"And we are going to continue being so, aren't we," spoke up Miss Williams, looking at



the class very earnestly. Every head bowed a *yes*—and some bowed their heads several times to show that they really meant just what they were promising. Serious faces they were, too, for a promise is not made to be broken—

not if the one who makes the promise is the right sort of a child.

As the class filed down the stairs after school that afternoon, there were many boys and girls who were thinking seriously about the talk Miss Burrows had given, and it is safe to say that no

one pushed another on the stairs, or tried to trip a playmate in a spirit of fun. There is a time and place for play, but it's not on the stairs, in the street, or on the track. Such play doesn't *pay*—*it costs*.



